

Two Excellent PLAYS:

The Wits,
A Comedie:

THE
PLATONICK
LOVERS,
A Tragi-Comedie.

Both presented at the Private House
IN

BLACK-FRIERS,
By His Majesties Servants.

The AUTHOR,
Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT, Kt

LONDON,

Printed for G. Bedel, and T. Collins, and are to be sold at
their Shop at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet-
street, 1665.

THE EXCELLENT TALENT

Wife Edge



THE

LICENSING

Licensed,

March 3.

Roger L'Estrange.

1665.

A TRAGEDY-COMEDY

BY ROGER L'ESTRANGE

IN FIVE ACTS



BY HIS MASTERS SERVANT

BY WILLIAM DAVENANT

THE EXCELLENT TALENT

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anti-W. 811

A decorative horizontal border at the top of the page, featuring a repeating pattern of stylized, symmetrical motifs that look like stylized flowers or leaves in a dark, muted color.

To the Chiefly Belov'd of all
that are Ingenious, and Noble,
ENDYMION PORTER, of His
Majesties Bed-Chamber.

SIR,

Hough you covet not acknowledgements, receive what belongs to you by a double Title: your goodness hath preserv'd life in the Author; then rescu'd his work from a cruel Faction, which nothing but the Forces of your Reason, and your Reputation could subdue. If it become your pleasure now, as when it had the advantage of Presentation on the Stage, I shall be taught, to boast some merit in my self: but with this Inference; you still (as in that doubtful day of my trial) endeavour to make shew of so much Justice, as may countenance the loye you bear to

Your most obliged, and thankfull

umble Servant,

WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

A 2

TO



To the Reader of Sir William D'avenant's Play.

IT hath been said of old, that Plays are Feasts,
Poets the Cooks, and the Spectators Guests,
The Actors Waiters: From this Similie,
Some have deriv'd an unsafe libertie
To use their Judgements as their Tastes, which
chuse

Without controul, this Dish, and that refuse:
But wit allows not this large Priviledge,
Either you must confess, or feel its edge;
Nor shall you make a currant Inference
If you transferr your Reason to your Sense:
Things are distinct, and must the same appear
To every piercing Eye, or well-tun'd Ear.
Though sweets with yours, sharps best with my
taste meet,
Both must agree this meat's or sharp or sweet:
But if I sent a stench or a perfume,
Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
You have that sense imperfect: So you may
Affect a sad, merry, or humerous Play,
If, though the kinde distaste or please, the Good
And Bad, be by your Judgement understood;
But if, as in this Play, where with delight
I feast my Epicurean appetite
With relishes so curious, as dispense
The utmost pleasure to the ravish't sense,

Y

You should profess that you can nothing meet
That hits your taste, either with sharp or sweet,
But cry out, 'Tis insipid; your bold Tongue
May do it's Master, not the Author wrong;
For Men of better Pallat will by it.
Take the just elevation of your Wit.

T. C A R E W.

A 3 **The**

THE PROLOGUE.

Bless me you kinder Stars ! How are we
throng'd:
Alas ! whom, hath our long-sick-Poet wrong'd,
That he should meet together in one day
A Session, and a Faction at his Play ?
To Judge, and to Condemne : For't cannot be
Amongst so many here, all should agree.
Then 'tis to such vast expectation rais'd,
As it were to be wonder'd at, not prais'd :
And this, good faith, Sir Poet (if I've read
Customes, or Men) strikes you, and your Muse
dead !
Cant I have now too; how much, how oft each Eare
Hath surfeited in this our Hemisphære,
With various, pure, eternal Wit ; and then
My fine young Comick Sir, y'are kill'd agen.
But 'bove the mischief of these feares, a sort
Of cruel Spies (we hear) intend a sport
Among themselves ; our mirth must not at all
Tickle, or stir their Lungs, but shake their Gall.
So this jeyn'd with the rest, makes me again
To say, You and your Lady-Muse within

Wil.

Will have but a sad doom ; and your trim Brow
Which long'd for Wreaths, you must weare naked
now ;

⁹
Leſſe ſame resolve out of a courteous pride,
To like and praise what others ſhall deride ?
So they've their humor too ; and wee in ſpight
Of our dull Brains, will think each ſide i'th right.
Such is your pleasant judgments upon Playes,
Like Paralells that run ſtraight, though ſev'rall

ways.

A 4

The

The Persons of the Comedy.

Palatine the Elder,	<i>Richly Landed and a Witt.</i>
Palatine the Younger,	<i>A Witt too, but lives on his exhibition in Town.</i>
Sir Morglay Thwack,	<i>A humorous rich old Knight.</i>
Sir Tirant Thrift,	<i>Guardian to the Lady Ample.</i>
Meager,	<i>A Souldier newly come from Holland</i>
Pert,	<i>His Comrade.</i>
Engine,	<i>Steward to Sir Tirant Thrift.</i>
The Lady Ample,	<i>An Iheretrix, and Ward to Sir Tirant Thrift.</i>
Lucy,	<i>Mistress to the Younger Palatine.</i>
Ginet,	<i>Woman to the Lady Ample.</i>
Snore,	<i>A Constable.</i>
Mistress Snore,	<i>His Wife.</i>
Mistress Queasie,	<i>Her Neighbour.</i>
Watchmen, &c.	

The Scene LONDON.

The

THE VVITS.

A C T . I . S C E N . I .

Enter Young Pallatine, Meager, Pert.

Welcome o'shore Meager! Give me thy hand,
Tis a true one, and will no more forsake
A Bond, or Bill, then a good Sword; a hand
That will shift for the Body, till the Laws
Provide for both.

Meag. Old Wine, and new Cloaths, Sir,
Make you wanton! D'you not see Pert, my Comrade?
To. Pallat. Ambiguous Pert, hast thou danc'd to the
Drum too?
Could a Taffeta scarf, a long Estridge whing,
A stiffe Iron Doublet, and a Beazeel Pole
Tempt thee from Cambrick sheets, fine active Thighs,
From Caudles where the precious Amber swims?

Pert. Faith, we have been to kill, we know not whom,
Nor why: Led on to break a Commandement,
With the consent of Custom and the Laws.

Meag. Mide was a certain inclination, Sir
To do mischief, where good men of the Jury,
And a dull Congregation of gray beards
Might urge no tedious Statute 'gainst my life.

To. Pallat. Nothing but Honour could seduce thee,

Pert. Honor, which is the hope of the youthful,
And the old Souldiers wealth, a jealousie
To the Noble, and mis'ry to the wise.

Pert. It was Sir, no Geographical fancies

(Cause

(Cause in our Maps, I lik'd this Region here
More than that Country lying there) made me
Partial which to fight for.

To. Pallat. True, sage Pert.

What is't to thee whether one *Don Diego*
A Prince, or *Hans van Holm*, Fritter-seller
Of *Bombel*, do conquer that Parapet,
Redout, or Town, which thou nere saw'st before?

Pert. Not a brafs Thimble to me: but Honor!—

To. Pallat. Why right! else wherefore shouldst thou
bleed for him,
Whose Money, Wine, nor Wench, thou nere hast us'd?
Or why destroy some poor Root-eating Souldier,
That never gave thee the Lye, deny'd to pledge
Thy Cockatrices health, nere spit upon
Thy Dog, jeer'd thy Spur-leather, or return'd
Thy Tooth-pick tagged, which he borrowed whole?

Pert. Never to my knowledge!

Meag. Comrade! tis time—

To. Pallat. What, to unship your Trunks at *Billingsgate*?
Fierce Meager! why such haste? do not I know,
That a Mouse yoak'd to a Pescod, may draw
With the frail Cordage of one hair, your Goods
About the World?

Pert. Why we have Linnen Sir!

To. Pallat. As much Sir as will fill a Tinder-Box.
Or make a Frog a shirt. I like not friends,
This quiet modest posture of your Shoulders!
Why stir you not, as you were practising
To Fence, or do you hide your Cattel lest
The Skipper make you pay their passage over?

Pert. Know *Pallatine*! Truth is a naked Lady,
Shee will shew all; Meager, and I have not—

To. Pall. The Treasure of Saint *Mark*; I believe, Sir,
Though you are as rich as cast Servingmen,
Or Bawds led thrice into Captivity!

Pert.

Pert. Thou hast a heart of the right stamp ; I find
It is nor comely in thine eyes to see
Us sons of War walk by the pleasant Vines
Of Gascoiny, as we believ'd the Grapes
Forbidden fruit : sneak through a Tavern with
Remorse, as we had read the Alcaron,
And made it our best Faith.

Meag. And abstain flesh,
As if our English Beef were all reserv'd
For Sacrifice.

Pert. Whilst Colon keeps more noise
Than Mariners at Playes, or Apple-wives
That wrangle for a Sive.

Meag. Contribute, come.

To Pallat. Stand there close on your lives ! here in
this house
Lives a rich old Hen, whose young Egg (though not
Of her own laying) I have in the Embers :
Shee may prove a Morsel for a discreet mouth,
If the kind Fates have but the leasure to
Betray the old one. *Pert. Pallatine.*
No, plots upon generation ; we two
Have fasted so long, that we cannot think
Of begetting any thing, unless
Like Cannibals, we might eat our own Issue.

To Pallat. I say close, shrink in your Motions ! go !

Meager. Why hidden thus? A Soldier may appear.

To Pallat. Yes in a Sutlers Hut on the Pay-day :
But do you know the silence of this house,
The gravity and awe ? here dwells a Lady,
That hath not seen a street, since good King Harry
Cald her to a Mask : she is more devout
Then a Weaver of Banbury that hopes
T'intice Heaven (by singing) to make him Lord
Of twenty Looms, I never saw her yet,
And to arrive at my preferment first,
In your sweet company will (I take it) Add

Add but little to my hopes. Retire ! goe !

They step aside, whilst he calls between the Hangings

Pert. We shall obey, but do not tempt us now
With sweet-meats for the nether Pallat ! doe not —

To: Pallat. What *Lucy!* *Luce!* now is the old Beldame
Misleading her to a C u shion ; where she
Must pray, and sigh, and fast, untill her knees :
Grow smaller then her Knuckles. *Lucy!* *Luce,*
No hope ! she is undone ! she'll number o're
As many Orisons, as if she had
A Bushel of Beads to her Rosary !

Lucy! my Aprill love ! my Mistresse speak ! —

Enter Lucy.

Lucy, Palatine, for Heavens sake keep in your voice !
My cruell Aunt will hear, and I am lost.

To: Pallat. What can she hear , when her old eares
are stuff'd
With as much warm wax, as will seal nine Leafes ?
What a pox does she listning upon earth ?
I' st not time for her t'affect privacie ?
To creep into a close dark Vault, there go ship
With worms and such small tame creatures, as Heaven
Provided to accompany old People ?

Lucy. Still better'd unto worse ! but that my heart
Consents not to disfigure thee, thou would' st be torne
To pieces numberleſs as sand, or as
The doubts of guilt, or love, in Cowards are !

To: Pal. How now *Luce* ! from what strange coast
this storm ! hah !

Lucy. Thou dost out-drinke the youth of Norway at
Their Marriage feasts, out-swear a puny Gamster
When his first misfortune rages out quarrell,
One that rides post, and is stopt by a Cart :
Thy walking hours are later in the night,
Then those which Drawers, Traytors, or Constables
Themselves do keep ; for Watchmen know thee better

The Wits.

5

Then their Lanthorn ! and here's your Surgeons Bill,
Your kind thrift (I thanke you) hath sent it me
To pay, as if the poor exhibition
My Aunt allows for Aprons, would maintain
You in Seareclothes. — *Gives him a paper.*

Meager. Can the Daughters of Brabant
Talke thus when *Tounker-heck* leads'em to a Stove?

Pert. I sy (*Meager*) there is a small parcel
Of Man, that rebels more then all the rest
Of his body, and I shall need (if I
Stay here) no Elixir of Beefe to exalt
Nature, though I were leaner then a groat !

To: Pallat. This Surgeon's a Rogue (*Luce*) a fellow,

Luce,

That hath no more care of a Gentlemans
Credit, then of the Lint, he hath twice us'd !

Lucy. Well Sir, but what's that Instrument he names

To: Pall. He writes down here for a tool of Injection

Luce, a small water Engine which I bought
For my Taylors Child to squirt at Prentises !

Luce. I Sir, he sins more against wit then Heaven,
That knows not how t'excuse what he hath done !

I shall be old at twenty, *Pallatine*,

My grief to see thy manners, and thy mind
Hath wrought so much upon my heart !

To: Pallat. I'de as lieve keep our Marriage Supper

In a Churchyard, and beget our Children

In a Coffin, as hear thee prophesie ;

Luce, thou art drunk *Luce*; farr gone in Almond Milke,
Kiss me ! —

Pert. Now I dissolye like an Eringo ?

Meager. He's ploughing o'the Indies, good Gold
appear !

To: Pallat. I am a new man, *Luce*; thou shalt find me
In a Geneva-band that was reduc'd
From an old Aldermans Cuffe; no more hair left

Then

Then will shackle a flea; this debash'd Whine-yard,
 I will reclaim to comely Bow and Arrowes,
 And shoot with Habardashers at Finsbury,
 And be thought the Grand-child of Adam-Bell!
 And more (my Luce) hang at my velvet Girdle,
 A Book wrapp'd in a green Dimity Bagge,
 And squire thy untooth'd Aunt to an exercise.

Lucy. Nothing but strict Laws, and age will tame you.

To: Pallat. What money hast thou, *Luce*?

Lucy. I there's your business.

To: Pallat. It is the busines of the world: Injuries
 grow

To get it, Justice sits for the same end;
 Men are not wise without it; for it makes
 Wisedom known; and to be a fool and poor,
 Is next to old Aches and bad Fame; tis worse
 Than to have six new Creditors, they each
 Twelve Children, and not bread enough to make
 The Landlord a Toft, when he calls for Ale
 And Rent. Think on that, and rob thy Aunts Trunks
 Ere she hath time to make an Inventory.

Pert. A cunning Pioner! he works to th'bottom.

Lucy. Hast thou no taste of Heav'n? wert thou begot
 In a Prison, and bred up in a Galley?

To: Pallat. *Luce*! I speak like one that hath seen the
 Book

Of Fate: I'm loth (for thy sake) to mount a Coach
 With two wheels; whilst the Damzels of the Shop
 Cry out, A goodly strait chin'd Gentleman!
 He dyes, for robbing an Attornies Cloak-bag
 Of Copper-seals, foul Night-caps, together
 With his Wives bracelet of Mill-Testers!

Lucy. There Sir! ————— *Flings him a Purse.*
 Tis gold! my Pendants, Carkanets, and Rings,
 My Christning Caudle-cup and Spoons
 Are dissolv'd into that Lump. Nay, take all!

And

The Wits.

And with it as much anger as would make
Thy Mother write thee illegitimate !
See me no more ! I will not stay to bleſs
My gift ; leſt I ſhould teach my patience ſuffer.
Till I convert it into Sin. Exit.

To: Pallat. Temptations will not thrive. This baggage ſleeps

Croſs-legg'd, and the Devil has no more power
O're that charm, then dead men ore their lewd Heirs.
I muſt marry her, and ſpend my revenue
In Cradles, Pins, and Sope ! That's th'end of all
That ſcape a deep River, and a tall Bough.

Meag. Pallatine ! How much ?

Pert. Honorable Pall !

To. Pallat. Gentlemen, you muſt accept without ga-
ging

Your corporal Oathes, to repay in three dayes !

Pert. Not wee (Pall) in three Jubilieſ, fear not !

To: Pallat. Nor ſhall you charge mee with loud vehe-
mence

(Thrice before company) to wait you in
My chamber ſuch a night ; for then, a certain
Drover of the South comes to pay you money !

Meag. On our new Faiths !

Pert. On our Allegiance Pall !

To: Pall. Go then ! — ſhift, and brush your ſkins
well, d'you hear !

Meet me at the new Play ; faire, and perfum'd !

There are ſtrange words hang on the lips of Rumor !

Pert. Language of joy deere Pall !

To: Pallat. This day is come

To Town, the Minion of the womb (my Lads)

My elder Brother, and hee moves like ſome

Aſſyrian Prince : his Chariots measure Leagues

Witty, as youthful Poets in their wine !

Bold as a Centaure at a Feaſt, and kind

As

As Virgins that were ne're beguiled with love !
I seek him now, meet and triumph !

S Meager, King Pall ! — Exeunt Omnes.
Pert.

Enter Sir Morglay Thwack, Eld. Pallatine, new
and richly clothed, buttoning themselves.

Eld. Pallat. Sir Morglay ! come ! the hours have
wings, and you

Are grown too old, t'overtake them : The Town
Lookeſ (me thinks) as it would invite the Country
To a Feast.

Thwack. At which Serjeants and their Yeomen
Must be no Waiters (Pallatine) left some
O' the Gueſſ pretēd businesſ : how doſt like me ?

Elder Pallat. As one, old women ſhall no more avoid,
Then they can warm Furrs or Muskadell !

Thwack. Pallatine ! to have a volatile Ache,
That removes oftner then the Tartars Camp ;
To have a ſtitch that ſucks a man awry,
Till he ſhew crooked as a Chestnut Bough,
Or ſtand in the deform'd Guard of a Fencer ;
To have theſe hid in Fleſh, that has liv'd ſinfull
Fifty long yeares ; yet husband, ſo much ſtrength
As could convey me hither, fourscore Miles
On a deſigne of Wit, and glory may
Be Registered for a ſtrange Northernne Act.

Eld. Pallat. I cannot boast thoſe Noble Maladiſ
As yet ; but Time (dear Knight) as I have heard,
May make mans knowledge bold upon himſelf.
We travell in the grand cauſe ! These ſmooth Rags,
These Jewels too, that ſeem to ſmile e're they
Betray, are certain ſilly ſnares, in which
Your Lady-wits, and their wife Compeers-Male
May chance be caught !

Enter

Enter Young Pallatine.

Yo: Pallat. You're welcome (Noble Brother)
Must be hereafter spoke, for I have lost,
With glad haste to find you, much of my Breath ! —

Eld. Pallat. Your joy becomes you, it hath Court-
ship in't :

Yo. Pallat. Sir Morglay Thwask ! I did expect to see
The Archer Cimbeline, or old King End
Advance his Fauchion here agen, e're you
'Mongst so much smoke, diseases, Law, and noise !

Thwack. What your Town gets by me, let 'um lay
For their Orphans, and Record in their Annals !
I come to borrow where Ile never lend,
And to buy what Ile never pay for.

Yo. Pallat. Not your Debts ?

Thwack. No Sir, though to a poor Brownist's widow
Though she sigh all night, and have the next morning
Nothing to drink, but her own Tears.

Eld. Pallat. Nor shalt thou lend money to a sick
friend,
Though the sad worm ly morgag'd in his bed
For the hire of his Sheets.

Yo. Pallat. These are Resolves,
That give me newer wonder than your Cloathes :
Why in such shining Trim, like Men that come
From rifled Tents, loaden with victory ?

Eld. Pal. Yes Brother, or like eager heirs new dipp'd
In Inke, that seal'd the day before in haste,
Lest Parchment should grow dear. Know youth we
come

To be the busines of all Eyes, to take
The wall of our S. George on his Feast day :

Thwack. Yes, and then imbarke at Dover, and do
the like to St. Dennis : All this (young Sir)
Without charge too, I mean, to us, we bring
A humerous odd Philosophy to Town

B

That

That says, pay nothing! *Yo. Pal.* Why, where have I liv'd?

Eld. Pal. Brother be calm, and edifie! But first Receive a Principle, never hereafter
(From this warm breathing, till your last cold sigh)
Will I disburse for you agen; Never!

Yo. Pal. Brother mine, if that be your Argument, I deny the Major: *Thwack.* Resist Principles?

Eld. Pal. Good faith, though you should send me more Epistles
Than young Factors in their first voyage write
Unto their short bait'd Friends, than absent Lovers
Pen neer their Mariage-week, t' excuse the slow
Arrival of the License, and the Ring,
Not one clipp'd penny should depart my reach.

Yo. Pal. This Doctrine will not pass, how shall I live?

Eld. Pal. As we intend to do, by our good witts!

Yo. Pal. How, Brother, how?

Eld. Pal. Truth is a pleasant knowledge;
Yet you shall have her cheap, Sir *Morglay* here,
(My kind Disciple) and my self, have leas'd
Out all our Rents and Lands for pious uses!

Yo. Pal. What, *Co-founders!* give Legacies
death:

Pallatine the pious, and St *Morglay*:
Your names will sound but ill'ith Kalender.
How long must this fierce raging zeal continue?

Eld. Pal. Till we subsist here no more by our wit,
Then wee'l renounce the Town, and patiently
Vouchsafe to reassume our Mother Earth,
Lead on our Ploughs into their rugged walks
Agen, grope our young Heifers in the flank,
And swagger in the Wool, we shall borrow
From our own flocks. *Thwack.* But ere we go,
may

From the vast treasure purchas'd by our wit,

Lea

Leave here some Monument to speak our Fame,
I have a strong mind to re-edifie
The decays of *Fleet-ditch*, from whence I hear
The roaring *Vestals* late are fled, through heat
Of persecution. *Yo. Pal.* What a small star have I
That never yet could light me to this way :
Live by our wits ? *El. Pal.* So live, that Usurpers,
Shall call their Monies in, remove their Banke
To *Ordinaries*, *Spring garden*, and *Hide-Park*,
Whilst their glad Sons are left seven for their chance,
At *Hazard*, *Hundred*, and all made at *Sent* :
Three motly Cocks o'th right *Derby* strain,
Together with a Foal of *Beggibrigge* !

Thw. Sir, I will match my Lord Maiors Horse, make
Jockeys

Of his Hench-boyes, and run 'em through *Cheap-side*.

Eld. Pallat. What beauties Girles of feature govern
now

I'th town ? 'tis long since we did traffick here,
In midnight whispers, when the Dialect
Of *Lovesloose Wit*, is frightened into signs,
And secret laughter stifled into smiles :
When nothing's loud but the old Nurse's cough ;
Who keeps the Game up, hah ! who milled now ?

Thw. Not Sir, that, if we woo, wee'l be at charge
For Looks, or if we marry, make a *joyniture*,
Entail Land on women? entail a *Back*,
And so much else of Man, as Nature did
Provide for the first wife. *Eld. Pallat.* I could keep
thee,

Thy future Pride, thy Sursets and thy Lust,
(I mean, in such a garb as may become
A *Christian Gentleman*) with the sole Tithe
Of *Tribute*, I shall now receive from Ladies.

Thack. Your Brother, and my self have seald to *Cove*
The Female Youth o'th town are *his*, but all *(nuns)*
Leave

From forty to fourscore, mine own : A widow
(You'll say) is a wise, solemn, wary Creature ;
Though she hath liv'd to th' cunning of dispatch,
Clos'd up nine Husbands eyes, and have the wealth
Of all their *Testaments*, in one Month Sir,
I will waste her to her first Wedding-smock,
Her single Ring, Bodkin, and Velvet-Muff.

Yo: *Pallat*, Your Rents expos'd at home, for Pious
Must expiate your behaviour here ; Tell me, (uses
Is that the subtle plot you have on *Heaven*?

Thwack, The worm of your worships conscience
would appear

As big as a *Cenger*, but a good eye
May chance to finde it slender as a *Grigge* :

Yo: *Pal*, Amazement knows no ease, but in demands,
Pray tell me Gentlemen, to all this waste
Designment (which so strikes my Ear) deduct
You nought from your revenue, nought that may
Like Fuell, feed the flame of your expense ?

Eld. Pal, Brother, not so much as will find a *few*
Bacon to his Eggs : These gay tempting Weeds,
These Eastern stones of cunning foil bespoke
'Gainst our arrival here, together with
A certain stock of Crowns in eithers purse,
Is all the charge that from our proper own,
Begins or furthers the magnifique plot,
And of these Crowns, not one must be usurp'd
By you. *Thwack*, No relief, but Wit and good Counsel !

Eld. Pal, The stock my Father left you, if your care
Had purpos'd so discreet a course, might well
Have set you up i'th Trade, but we spend light :
Our Coach is yet unwheel'd, Sir *Morglay*, come,
Let's fute those *Friesland* horse with our own strain :

Yo: *Pal*, Why Gentlemen, will the design keep horses
Thwack, May be Sir they shall live by their wits too !

Xo: *Pal*, Their Masters are bad Tutors else; well, how
You'

You'l worke the Ladies, and weak Gentry here
By your fine gilded Pills, a Faith that is
Not old may gues without distrust. But Sirs,
The Citty (take't on my experiment)
Will not be gull'd !

Thwack. Not gull'd ? they dare not be
So impudent ! I say they shall be gull'd,
And trust, and break, and pawn their *Charter* too !

To: Pallat. Is it lawful (Brother) for me to laugh
That have no money ?

Eld. Pallat. Yes Sir, at your self ! (Arts,

To: Pallat. Two that have tasted *Natures* kindness
And men, have shin'd in moving Camps, have seen
Courts in their solemn busines, and vain pride ;
Convers'd so long i'th town here, that you know
Each Sign, and Pibble in the streets ; for you
(After a long retirement) to leise forth
Your wealthy pleasant Lands, to feed *John Crump*,
The Cripple, *Widow Needy*, and *Abraham Sloath*, the *Beads-man* of *More-dale* ? i hen (forsooth)
Perswade your selves to live here by your Wi's.

Thwack. Where wee ne're cheated in our Youth,
we resolve
To couzen in our Age.

Eld. Pallat. Brother, I came
To be your wise example in the Arts
That lead to thriving glory, and suprem life ;
Not through the humble ways wherein dull Lords
Of Lands, and Sheep do walk : Men that depend
On the fantastick winds, on fleeting Clowds,
On seasons more uncertain than themselves,
When they would hope or fear ; But you are warm
In anothers Silke, and make your tame ease
Virtue, call it content, and quietness !

Thwack. Write Letters to your Brother ! do ! and be
Forsworn in every long *Parentesis*,

For twenty pound sent you in Butchers Silver !

Eld. Pall. Rebukes are precious ! cast them not away !

To: Pall. Neither of these Philosophers were born
To above five Senses ; why then should they
Have hope, to do things greater, and more new
I'th world, than I ? This Devill Plenty thrusts
Strange boldness upon Men ! well, you may laugh
With so much violence, till it consume
Your breath ! Though sullein Want, the Enemy
Of Wit, have sunke her low ; if pregnant Wine
Can raife her up, this day she shall be mine. *Exit.*

ACT. 2. SCEN. 1.

Enter the Lady Ample, Engine, Ginet.

Ampl. My Guardian hors'd ? this evening say'it thou
Engin. It's an hour (Madam) since he smelt the
Town.

Ampl. Saw'ft thou his slender empty leg in th'Stirrop ?
His Iv'ry Box on his smoothe Ebon staffe
New civitted, and tyed to's gouty wrist ?
With his warp'd face close-button'd in his Hood,
That Men may take him for a Monk disguis'd,
And fled post from a Pursevant ! *(cunning*

Engin. (Madam) beware I pray, lest th'Age and
He is Master of, prepare you a Revenge,
And such as your fine wit shall ne're intreat
Your patience to digest. To morrow night
Th'extreamest Minute of your Wardship is
Expir'd, and we Magicians of the house
Believe this hasty Journey he hath tane
Is to provide a Husband for your sheets !

Ampl. And such a one as judgement and nine Eies
Must needs dislike, that's composition may
Grow up to his own thrifty wish, *Eng. Madam.*

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Your

Your Arrow was well aym'd : I call him Master,
But I am Servant unto Truth, and You.

Ampl. He chuse a Husband, fit to guide, and sway
My Beauties wealthy Doury, and my heart ?
Ile make Election to delight my self :
What composition strictest Laws will give
His Guardianship may take from the rich Banke
My Father left, and not devour my Land.

Ginet. Your Ladyship has liv'd six years beneath
His roof, therefore may gues the colour
Of his heart, and what his brains do weigh.
But *Engine* (Madam) is your humble Creature.

Ampl. I have bounty, *Engine* !
And thou shalt largely taste it, when the next
Fair Sun is set, for then my Wardship ends — *Knocking*
That speaks command, or haste: open the door. (within)

Enter Lucy.

Lucy ! weeping my wench ? melting thine Eies,
As they had trespass'd against light, and thou
Wouldst give them darkness for a punishment. (what)

Lucy. Undone (Madam) without all hope, but
Your pitty will vouchsafe to minister !

Ampl. Hast thou been struck by infamy ? or com'st
A Mourner from the Funeral of Love ?

Lucy, I am the Mourner, and the Mourn'd : dead to
My self; but left not rich enough to buy a Grave :
My cruel Aunt hath banish'd me her Roof.
Expos'd me to the night, the winds, and what
The raging Elements on wanderers lay,
Left naked, as first Infancie or Truth,

Ginet. I could nere indure that old moist ey'd Lady !
Me thought she pray'd too oft.

Ampl. A meer receipt
To make her long winded, which our devout
Physitians now prescribe to defer death.
But *Lucy*, can she urge no cause for this

Strange wrath, that you would willingly conceale !

Lucy. Suspitions of my Chastity, which heaven
Must needs resist as false : though she accus'd
Mee even in dream, where thoughts commit by chance,
Not Appetite. *Amp.* What ground had her suspect ?

Lucy. Young *Pallatine* (that woo'd my heart until
He g'ither'd Fondness where he planted Love)
Was fain into such want, as eager blood,
And Youth could not endure, and keep the Laws
Inviolate. I to prevent my fear,
Sold all my Jewels and my trifling wealth
Bestow'd them on him ; and she thinks a more
Unholy consequence attends the gift.

Ampl. This *Luce*, is such Apostacie in Wit,
As *Nature* must degrade her self in woman to
Forgive ? shall *Love* put thee to charge ? couldst thou
Permit thy *Lover* to become thy *Pensioner* ?

Engin. Her sence will now be tickled till it ake !
Amp. Thy feature and thy wit, are wealth enough
To keep thee high in all those vanities
That wilde ambition, or expensive pride
Perform in youth : but thou invert st their use
Thy *Lover* like the foolish *Adamant*,
The steele ; thou fiercely dost allure, and draw,
To spend thy vertue, not to get by it.

Lucy. This Doctrine, (Madam) is but new to me.

Amp. How have I liv'd thinkst thou ; e'en by my
Wits !

My Guardians contribution gave us Gownes :
But cut from th' curtains of a Cariers bed :
Jewels wee wore, but such as Potters wives
Bake in the Furnace for their daughters wrists !
My womans Smock's so coarse, as they were spun
O'ch tackling of a Ship. *Ginet.* A Coat of *Male*
Quilted with Wyre, was soft sarshet to 'um.

Amp. Our dyet, scarse so much as is prescrib'd

To mortifie : Two Egges of Emmets poach'd,
A single Bird no bigger than a Bee,
Made up a Feast. *Ginet.* He had starv'd me, but that
The Green-sickness took away my stomach !

Ampl. Thy disease (*Ginet.*) made thee in Love with
And tho' eateft him up two foot of an old wall !(Morter,
Engin. A priviledge my Master onely gave
Unto her teeth, none else o'th house durft do't,

Ampl. When (*Lucy*) I perceiv'd this straitned life,
Nature (my *Steward*) I did call t'acompt,
And took from her *Exchequer* so much Wit
As has maintain'd me since. I led my fine
Trim bearded Males in a small subtle string
Of my soft haire : made 'um to offer up,
And bow, and laugh'd at the Idolatry.

Ginet. A Jewell for a kifs, and that half ravish'd.

Lucy. I feel I am inclin'd t'indeavour in
A Calling (Madam) I'd be glad to live !

Ample. Know (*Luce*) this is no Hospital for Fools !
My Bed is yours, but on condition *Luce*,
That you redeem the Credit of your Sex :
That you begin to tempt, and when the snare
Hath caught the Fowle, you plume him till you get
More feathers then you lost to *Pallatine*.

Lucy. I shall not waste my hours in winding Silke,
Or shealing Pescods with your Ladiship !

Ampl. Frost's on my heart ! what ? give unto a Suitor !
Know ; I would fain behold that silly Monarch,
(Bearded Man !) that durft wooe me with half
So impudent a hope ! *Eng.* Madam, you are
Not far fr om the possession of your wish,
There is no language heard, no busines now
in town, but what proclaims th'arrival here
(This morne) of th'elder *Pallatine*, Brother
To him you nam'd, and with him such an old
imperial buskin Knight as the Isle nere saw.

Amp.

Amp. What's their design ?

Eng. They will immute themselves
With Diamonds, with all resplendent Stones,
That merit price : aske 'em who payes? why Ladies!
They'l feast with rich Provincial wines, who pays?
Ladies. They'l shine in various habit, like
Eternal Bridegrooms of the day, aske 'em
Who payes? Ladies. Lie with those Ladies too,
And pay'em but with Issue-Male, that shall
Inherit nothing but their wit, and doe
The like to Ladies, when they grow to age.

Luce. My eares receiv'd a taste of them before.

Ampl. Engine, how shall we see them? bleſs me,
Engine,

With thy kind voice. *Eng.* Though Miracles are ceas'd
This (Madam's) in the power of Thought, and Time.

Ampl. I would kiss thee *Engine*, but for an odd
Nice humour in my lips ; they blister at
Inferior breath ! This Ring, and all my hopes
Are thine ; deare *Engine* now project and live !

Ginet. I'de loose my Wedding to behold these Dago-
nets !

Ample. My Guardian's out o'Town ! let us triumph
Like *Casars*, till to morrow night ! thou knowſt;
I'm then no more o'th Family ! I would
Like a departing Lamp before I leave
You in the darke, spread in a glorious blaze !

Engin. Madam, command the Keyes, the house, and
me.

Amp. Spoke like the bold *Cophetua's* Son !
Let us contrive within to tempt 'um hither :
Follow, my *Luce*, restore thy ſelf to Fame ! —

Ex. Eng. Amp. Gin. Young Pallarine beckens Luce
from between the Hangings, as ſhe is going.

To: Pall. Luce ! Luce !

Lucy. Death on my Eyes ! how came you hither ?

To: Pallat. I'm, *Luce*, a kind of peremptory Fly,
Shift houses still to follow the Sun-beams !
I must needs play in the flames of thy beauty !

Lucy. Y'have us'd me with a Christian care, have
you not ?

To: Pallat. Come I know all ! I' have been at thy
Aunts house.

And there committed more disorder than
A storm in a Ship, or a Cannon Bullet
Shot through a Kitchin among shelves of Pewter.

Lucy. This madness is not true I hope !

To: Pall. Yes Faith.

Witness a shower of Malmsey Lees, drop'd from
Thy Aunts own Urinal, on this new Motion ! —

Lucy. Why you have seen her then ?

To: Pallat. Yes, and she looks like the old Slut of
Babylon

Thou hast read of. I told her she must dye,
And her beloved Velvet-Hood be sold
To some Dutch Brewer of *Ratcliffe*, to make
ago. His *Yew Frowe* slippers.

Lucy. Speak low ! I am deprived
By thy rash wine, of all atonement now,
Unto her after-Legacies or Love !

To: Pallat. My *Luce* ! be magnifi'd ! I am all plot !
All Stratagem ! My Brother is in Town ;
My Lady *Ample*'s Fame hath caught him Girle :
and I'm told he means an instant visit hither.

Lucy. What happiness from this ?

To: Pallat. As he departs
From hence, I have laid two Instruments, *Meager*
And *Pert*. that shall encounter his long eares
With tales less true than those of *Troy*; they shall
Endanger him, maugre his active wits,
And mount thee little *Luce*, that thou mayst reach
To dandle Fate, to sooth them till they give

Us

Us leave to make, or alter destinies !

Lucy. You are too lowd ! whisper your plots within

Exeun

Enter Engine, Elder Pallatine, Thwack.

Engin. You call, and govern Gentlemen, as if
Your businss were above your haste ; but know
You where you are ?

Eld. Pallat. Sir *Tirant Thrift* dwels here !

The Lady *Ample* is his Ward : she is
Within, and we must see her ; No excuses !
Shee is not old enough to be lock'd up
To see new *Peruks*, or purge for *Rheume*.

Thwack. Tell her, that a young devout Knight,
made gray

By a charm (t'avoid temptation in others)
Would speak with her. *Engin.* I shall deliver you both
These Tygers hunt their prey with a strange Nostril
Come unsent for so aptly to our wish ? — *Exit.*

Eld. Pallat. But this Sir *Morglay* will not doe, In
troth

You break our *Covenants*.

Thwack. Why hear me plead !

Eld. Pallat. From forty to fourscore, the write
Law

Runs so ; this Lady's in her Nonage yet,
And you to presl into my company
Where visitations are decreed mine own,
Argues a heat that my rebukes must cool.

Thwa. What should I do ? wouldst have me keep
my chamber

And mend *Darke Lanthorns* ; invent steel *Mattocks*,
Or weigh *Gun-powder*, solitude leads me
To nothing less than *Treason* ; I shall conspire
To dig, and blow up all rather than sit still.

Eld. Pallat. Follow your Taske ! you see how earl
Have found this young *Inheretrix*, goe seek

She aged out, *Bones, unto Bones!* Like *Cards*
I'll pack'd, shuffle your selves together till
You each dislike the game : *Thwack.* Tis the cause I
Come for; a wither'd Midwife, or a Nurse
Who draws her lips together, like an eye
That gives the cautionary wink, are those
I would find here; so they be rich, and fat : —

Enter *Ginet.*

Ginet. My Lady understands your haste, and she
Her self, consults now in affairs of haste,
But yet will hastily approach, to see
You Gentlemen, and then in haste return : *Exit.*

Eld. Pal. What's this the Superscription of a Packet ?
Thwack. Now does my blood wamble, you Sucker
eater !

Offiers to follow her, Pallatine stays him.

Eld. Pal. These Covenants (Knight) will never be
observ'd,

I'll sue the forfeiture, leave you so poor
Till for preferment you become an Eunuch,
And sing a Treble, in a Chauntry, Knight.

Enter *Ample, Lucy, Ginet, Elder Pallatine, and
Thwack,* address to kiss them, and are
thrust back.

Ample. Stay Gentlemen, good souls ! they have seen
(*Lucy*)

The Country Turtles bill, and think our lips
I'th Town, and Court, are worn for the same use.

Lucy. Pray how do the Ladies there ? poor Villagers
They churn still, keep their Dayries, and lay up
For imbroidered Mantles against the Heirs birth :

Ample. Who is begot i'th Christmas Holydays.

Eld. Pal. Yes surely, when the Spirit of Mince-Pie
Raigns in the blood. *Ampl.* What ? penny Gleek I
hope's

In fashion yet, and the treacherous foot

Not

Not wanting on the Table frame to jogg
The Husband, lest he lose the Noble that
Should pay the Grocers man, for Spice and Fruit.

Lucy. The good old Butler shares too, with his La-
die

In the Box, bating for Candles that were burnt
After the Clock struck ten. *Thwack.* He doth indeed,
Poor Country Madam st'are in Subjection still,
The beasts their husbands make 'em sit on three
Legg'd stools, like homely Daughters of an Hospital,
To knit socks for their cloven feet.

Eld. Pallas. And when these tyrant Husbands too,
grow old

(As they have still th'impudence to live long)
Good Ladies they are fain to waste the sweet
And pleasent seasons of the day in boyling
Jellies for them, and rowling little Pills
Of Cambrick Lint to stuff their hollow teeth.

Lucy. And then the Evenings (warrant yee) they
With mother Spectacle the Curat's wife, (spend
Who does inveigh' gainst curling and dyde Cheeks,
Heaves her devout impatient nose at oyle
Of Jessamin, and thinks powder of *Paris* more
Prophane then the ashes of a Romish Martyr.

Ample. And in the days of joy and triumph Sir,
Which come as seldome to them as new gowns,
Then humble wretches they doe brisk and dance
In narrow Parlots, to a single Fiddle,
That squeakes forth tunes like a departing Pig.

Lucy. Whilst the mad Hinds, shake from their feet
more dirt

Then did the Cedar-Roots, that danc'd to *Orpheus*.

Ample. Do they not pour their wine too, from an
Ewre,

Or small gilt Cruse, like Orange-water kept
To sprinkle holyday Beards?

Lucy.

Lucy. And when a Stranger comes, send seven miles
post

By Moon-shine, for another pint?

Eld. Pallat. All these indeed, are heavy truths, but
what

Do you (th'exemplar Madams of the Town?)

Play away your youth, as our hasty Gamesters

Their light Gold, not with desire to lose it,

But in a fond mistake that it will fit

No other use? Thwack. And then reserve your age

As Superstitious Sinners ill got wealth

Perhaps for th' Church, perhaps for Hospitals.

Eld. Pallat. If rich you come to Court, there learn
to be

At charge to teach your Paraqueeto's French,

And then allow them their Interpreters,

Lest the Sage Fowl should lose their wisdome on

Such Pages of the presence, and the Guard

As have not past the Seas. Thwack. But if y'are poor,

Like wanton Monkies, chain'd from Fruit,

You feed upon the itch of your own Tails.

Lucy. Rose-Vinegar to wash that Ruffians mouth!

Ampl. They come to live here by their Wits, let them
use 'em:

Lucy. They have so few, and those they spend so fast,

They will leave none remaining to maintain them.

Eld. Pallat. You shall maintain us; a communitie

The subtle have decreed of late: You shall

Endow us with your Bodies, and your Goods;

Yet use no Manacles call'd dull Matrimony

To oblige affection against wise Nature,

Where it is lost (perhaps) through a disparity

Of years, or justly through distaste of crimes.

Ampl. Most excellent Resolves!

Eld. Pallat. But if you'll needs marry,

Expect not a single Turff for a Joynture;

Nor

Lucy

Not so much Land as will allow a Grashopper
 A Sallad ! *Thwac.* I would no more doubt t'enjoy
 You two in all variety of wishes,
 (Wer't hot for certain Covenants that I lately
 Sign'd to in my drink) than I would fear *Usury*
 In a small Poet, or a cast *Corporal.* *Ampl.* You would
 not !

Thwack. But look to your old Widdows !
 There my title's good ; see they be rich too ;
 Lest I shall leave their *Twins* upon the *Parish*,
 To whom the Deputy o'th Ward will deny
 Blew Coats at Easter, Loaves at Funerals,
 Cause they were Sons of an old Country Wit !

Ampl. Why all for Widows Sir, can nothing that
 Is young affect your mouldy appetite ?

Thw. No, in sooth: Damsels at your years are wont
 To talk too much over their *Marmaled*,
 They can't fare well, but all the Town must hear't !
 Their love's so full of prayses, and so loud,
 A man may with less noise, lye with a Drum.

Ampl. Think you so Sir ?

Thw. Give me an old Widow that commits Sin
 With the gravity of a corrupt Judge,
 Accepts of Benefits i'th dark, and can
 Conceal them from the light. *Ample takes elder Pal.*

apart.

Ampl. Pray Sir allow me but your ear aside :
 Though this rude *Climc iuh Clough*, presume
 In his desires more then his strength can justifie,
 You should have nobler kindness than to think
 All Ladies relish of an appetite,
 Bad as the worst your evill chance hath found.
Eld. Pal. All are alike to me : at least, I'le make
 Them so, with this perswasion, and a short
 Expence of time.

Ample. Then I have cast away

207.

My

My sight; my eyes have look'd themselves into
A strong disease, but they shall bleed for it.

Eld. Pal. Troth Lady mine, I find small remedy!

Ample. Why came you hither Sir, she that shall sigh
Her easie spirits into wind for you,
Must not have hope; the kindness of your breath
Will ere recover her.

Lucy. What do I hear? *Hymen* defend!
But three good corners to your little heart,
And two already broyling on Loves Altar?
Does this become her *Ginet*, speak?

Ginet. As age and half a knock would become me.

Thwack. Th'ast caught her *Pallatine*; insinuate
Rogue?

Lucy. Love him, you must recant, or the small god
And I shall quarrel when we meet i' th clouds.

Thwack. S'light, see how she stands, speak to her.

Eld. Pal. Peace Knight! it is apt cunning that we
go;

Disdain is like to water pour'd on Ice,
Quenches the flame a while to raise it higher.

Lucy. Engine shew them their way. — Enter *Engine*?

Engine. It lies here Gentlemen! —

Eld. Pal. There needs small summons, we are gone! but
d'you hear,

We will receive no Letters, we though sent
By th incorporeal spy your Dwarff, or *Audry*
Of the Chamber, that would deliver them

With as much caution, as they were Attachments
Upon Money newly paid. Thw. Nor no message
From the old Widow your Mother (if you
Have one) no, no though she fend for me when she
Is giving up her testy Ghost; and lies
Half drown'd in Rhume, those floods of Rhume,
which

Her Maids do daily dive to seek the Teeth

C

She

She cough'd out last — *Exeunt Engine, Eld. Pall. Thw.*

Luce. Lasse! good old Gentleman!

We shall see him shortly in as many Night-caps,

As would make sick *Mahomet* a Turband

For the Winter. *Amp.* Are they gone *Luce*?

Lucy. Not like the hours, for they'l return agen
Ere long; O you carry'd your false love rarely!

Amp. How impudent these Country fellows are?

Lucy. He thinks y'are caught; he has you between's
teeth,

And intends you for the very next bit

He means to swallow. *Amp.* *Luce*, I have a thousand
thoughts

More then a Kerchief can keep in: Quick Girl!

Let us consult, and thou shalt find what silly Snipes

These witty Gentlemen shall prove, and in

Their own confession too, or i'le cry Flownders else,

And walk with my Petticoat tuck'd up like

A long maid of *Almainey*.

Exeunt.

*Enter Yo. Pallatine, Meager, Pert; the two last
being new cloath'd.*

Yo. Pall. *Don Meager*, and *Don Pert*, you neither
found

These imbroidered skins in your mothers womb:

Surely Natures Wardrobe is not thus lac'd!

Pert. We flourish *Pall*, by th'Charter of thy smiles,

A little magnify'd, with shew and thought

Of our new plot. *Meag.* The chamber's bravely hung

Pert. To thy own wish, a Bed and Canopy

Prepar'd all from our numbred pence; if it

Should fail, *Meager*, and I must creep into

Our quondam rags, a transmigration *Pall*,

Which our Divinity can ill indure.

Meag. If I have more left to maintain a large stomack,

And a long Bladder, than one comely Shilling,

Togethe

The Wits.

Together with a single ounce of hope,
I am the Son of a Carr-man. *To: Pall.* Do you suspect
my promises,

That am your Mint, your grand Exchequer?

Pert. Pall. No suspitions *Pall*, but we that imbark

Our whole stock in one Vessel, would be glad

To have all Pyrats o'shore, and the winds

In a calm humour! *Meag.* How fares th' intelligence?

To. Pal. I left 'um at the *Lady Ample's* house

This street they needs must pass, if they reach home.

Pert. O, I would fain project 'gainst the old *Knight*,

Can we not share him too? *To: Pall.* This wheel must
move

Alone, Sir *Morglay Thwack*'s too rugged yet,

He'll interrupt the course, a little more

O'th File, will smooth him fit to be screw'd up;

Pert. Shrink off *Pall*, I hear 'em!

Enter *Thwack*, Elder *Pallatine*.

Eld. Pal. Th'haſt not the art of patient leisure to

Attend the aptitude of things; wouldſt thou

Run on like a rude Bull, on every object that

Doth heat the blood? this cunning abſtinence

Will make her paſſions grow more violent.

Thwack. But *Pallatine*, I do not find I have

The cruelty, or grace, to let a Lady

Starve for a warm morsel—*Pert and Meager take the*

To. Pal. Now my fine *Pert*! *Elder Pallatine aside.*

Pert. Sir, we have busines for your Ear; it may

Concern you much, therefore 'tis fit it be

Particular. *Eld. Pal.* From whom?

Meag. A young Lady, Sir;

It is a ſecret will exact much care

And wiſdom i'th delivery; you ſhould

geſt Difmisſ that Gentleman; *Eld. Pal.* A young Lady?

good!

All the best Stars i'th Firmament are mine!

25
The Wits,

Our Coach attends us Knight i' th' bottom of
The hither street, you must go home alone.

Thwack. Ile sooner kill a Serjeant, chuse my Jury
In the City, and be hangd for a Tavern Bush!

Eld. Pal. Wilt ruine all our destinies hath built?

Thw. Come, what are those fly silk-worms there that
creep

So close into their wooll, as they would spin
For none but their dear selves: I heard 'em name a
Ladie!

Elder Pal. You heard them say then, she was young,
and what

Our Covenants are, remember! *Thw.* Young, how
young?

She left her Wormseed, and her Corall whistle
But a Moneth since: do they mean so?

Elder Pal. Morglay, our Covenants is all I ask!

Thw. May be she hath a mind to me, for there's
A reverend humor in the blood, which thou
Nere knewst; perhaps she would have Boys begot
Should be deliver'd with long Beards, till thou
Arrive at my full growth, thou'l yield the world
Nought above Dwarf, or Page.

Elder Pal. Our Covenants still, I cry:

Thwack. Faith, I le stride my Mule to morrow, and
away

To th' homely Village in the North! *Eld. Pal.* Why so?

Thwack. Alas, these silly Covenants (you know)
I seal'd to in my drink, and certain fears
Lurk in a remote corner of my head,
That say the game will all be yours.

Eld. Pal. But what succels canst thou expect since
w have

Not yet enjoy'd the City a full day?

Thw. I say, let me have Woman! Be she young
Or old, *Grandam* or *Babe*, I must have Woman!

Eld. Pal. Carry but thy patience like a Gentleman
And let me singly mannage this adventure,
It will too morrow cancel our old deeds,
And leave thee to subscribe to what thy free
Pleasure shall direct. Thw. Wee'l equally enjoy
Virgin, Wife, and Widow, the younger Kerchief with
The aged Hood. Eld. Pal. What I have said, if I had
leisure now
Ide ratifie with oaths of thy own chusing.

Thw. Go! propagate! fill the shops with thy notch'd Issue, that when our Money's spent, we may Be trusted, break, and cozenin our own Tribe.

Eld. Pal. Leave me to fortune ! *Thw.* D'you hear, *Pallatine.* — Perhaps this young Lady has a Mother ! — Eld. Pallat. No more, good night ! — *Exit. Thwack.* I have obey'd you Gentlemen, no Ears Are neer us, but our own; What's your affair ?

Meag. Wee'l lead you to the Ladies Mansion, Sir,
'Tis hard by. *Eld.* Put Hard by!

Pert. So neer, that if your Lungs be good,
You may spit thither: that is the house!

Eld. Pal. These appear Gentlemen, And of some rank: I will in! Exeunt El. Pal. Meager, H.

Yo. Pal. So so ! the hook has caught him by the Gills !

10. 12. 30. 10. the book has eight hundred, the one,
And it is fastned to a line will hold
You Sir, though your wits were stronger then your
purse !

Sir *Morglay Thwack's* gone home, his lodging I
Have learn'd, and there are certain Gins prepar'd
In which his wary feet may chance to be
Insnar'd; though he could wear his Eyes upon his

Toes ! to follow ! how bound ! and to ring and dirle
I must follow the game close ! He is enter'd,
And ere this amaz'd at the strange complexion .

Of the house, but, 'twas the best our friendship
And our treasure could procure.

Exit.

Eld. Pallatine, Meager, Pert, with Lights.

Eld. Pal. Gentlemen (if you please) lead me no fur-
ther!

I have so little faith to beleeve this,
The Mansion of a Lady, that I think
'Tis rather the decays of hell; a sad
Retirement for the Fiend, to sleep in when
Hee's sick with drinking Sulphure.

Pert. Sir you shall see this upper room is hung !

Eld. Pal. With Cobwebs Sir, and those so large they
may
Catch and ensnare Dragons instead of Flies.
Where sit a melancholly race of old
Norman Spiders, that came in with Conquerour.

Meag. This chamber will refresh your eyes when you
Have cause to enter it.— *Leads him to look in 'tween the
hangings.*

Eld. Pallat. A Bed, and Canopy !
Ther's shew of entertainment there indeed ;
There Lovers may have place to celebrate
Their warm wishes, and not take cold : but Gentlemen,
How comes the rest of this blind house so nak'd,
So ruinous and deform'd ? Pert. Pray Sir sit down :
If you have seen ought strange, or fit for wonder,
It but declares the hasty shifts, to which
The poor distressed Lady is expos'd,
In pursuit of your love. Shee hath good fame,
Great dignity and wealth, and would be loth
To cheapen these by making her dull family
Bold witnesses of her desires with you :
Therefore, t'avoid suspition, to this place,
Sh'ath sent part of her neglected Wardrobe.

Meag. And will ere time grows older by an hour,
Guild all this homely furniture at charge
Of her own Eyes ; her beams can do it Sir!

Eld.

Eld. Pallat. My manners will not suffer me to doubt :

Pert. We hope so too : besides, though every one
That hath a heart of's own, may think his pleasure ;
We should be loth, your thoughts should throw mi-
stakes

On us, that are the humble Ministers
Of your kind stars : for sure, though we look not
Like men that make Plantation on some Isle
That's uninhabited ; yet you believe
We would teach Sexes mingle to increase men !

Meag. Squires of the Placket, we know you think us.

Eld. Pall. Excuse my courage Gentlemen ! good faith
I am not bold enough to think you so.

Pert. Nor will you yet be woo'd to such mistake ?

Eld. Pal. Not all the Art, nor Flattery you have
Can render you to my belief worse than
My self : Panders, and Bawds, good Gentlemen
I shall be angry, if you perswade me to
So vile a thought ! *Pert.* Sir you have cause !
And in good faith, if you should think us such,
We would make bold to cut that slender throat.

Eld. Pal. How Sir ?

Pert. That very throat, through which the lusty Grape,
And sav'ry Morsel in the Gamesters dish,
Steal down so leasurely, with Kingly gust !

Meag. Sir, it should open wide, as th'widest Oyster
I' th' Venetian Lake ! *Eld. Pal.* Gentlemen, it should !
It is a threat I can so little hide
In such a cause, that I would whet your Razor for't
On my own shoo. *Pert.* Enough ! you shall know all !
This Lady hath a Noble mind, but 'tis
So much o'remastr'd by her blood, we fear
Nothing but death, or you can be her remedy !

Eld. Pal. And is she young ?

Meag. O ! as the April Bud !

Eld. Pal. 'Twere pitty faith, she should be cast away.

Pert. You have a soft, and blessed heart; and to
Prevent so sad a period of her sweet breath;
Our selves, this house, the habit of this room,
The Bed within, and your fair person we
Have all assembled in a trice. Eld. Pal. Sure Gentlemen,
In my opinion more could not be done,
Were she *Inberetrix* of all the East!

Pert. But Sir, the excellence of your pure fame,
Hath given us boldness to make sute, that if
You can reclaim her appetite with chaste
And wholesome Homilies, such Counsel as
Befits your known Morality, you will
Be pleas'd to save her life, and not undoe her honour?

Meag. We hope you will afford her Medicine by
Your meek and holy Lectures, rather than
From any manly exercise, for such
Introth Sir, you appear to our weak fight!

Eld. Pal. Brothers, and Friends, a stile more distant
now

Cannot be given: though you were in compass
Thick, as the Aspes, I must embrace you both—
Y have hit the very Center, unto which
The toils and comforts of my studies tend.

Pert. Alas, we drew our Arrow but by aim!

Eld. Pal. Why Gentlemen I have converted more
Than ever Gold or Aretine misled;
I've Disciples of all degrees in Nature
From your little Punk in Purple, to your
Tall Canvas Girl; from your Sattin Slipper
To your Iron Pattin, and your Norway Shooe!

Pert. And can you mollifie the mother Sir,
In a strong fit. Eld. Pal. Sure Gentlemen I can.
If Books penn'd with a clean and wholesome spirit,
Have any might to edifie; would they
Were here. Meag. What Sir?

Eld. Pal. A small Library.
Which I am wont to make companion to

My

My idle hours : where some (I take it) are
A little consonant unto this Theame.

Pert. Have they not names ?

Eld. Pall. A Pill to purge phlybotomy ! a Balsamum
For the spiritual back ! a Lozenge against lust :
With divers other Sir, which though not penn'd
By dull Platonick Greeks, or Memphian Priests,
Yet have the blessed marke of separation
Of Authors silenc'd, for wearing short hair.

Pert. But Sir, if this chaste meanes cannot restore
Her to her health and quiet peace ; I hope
You will vouchsafe your Lodging in yon Bed,
And take a little pains — *Points to the Bed within.*

Eld. Pall. Faith Gentlemen, I was
Not bred on Scythian Rocks ; Tygers and Wolves
I've heard of, but nere suck'd their milk, and sure
Such would be done to save a Ladies longing !

Meag. Tis late Sir, pray uncase ! —

They help to uncloath him.

Pert. Your Boot, believ't, it is my exercise ! —

Eld. Pall. Well ; tis your turn to labour now, and
mine

non, for your dear sakes Gentlemen, I profess —

Pert. My friend shall wait upon you to your sheets,
Whilst I goe and conduct the Lady hither :
Whom if your holy doctrine cannot well
edcain, pray hazard not her life ; you have
body Sir ! Eld. Pall. O ! think me not cruell !

Ex. Meag. Eld. Pall.

Enter Yo: Pallatine.

Pert. Pall, come in Pall ! Yo: Pall. Is he in Bed ?

Pert. Not yet,

Stripping in more haste, than an old snake
at hopes for a new skin !

Yo: Pall. If we could laugh
our Coffin Pert, this would be a jest !

Long

My

Long after death : hee is so eager in
His witty hopes, that he suspects nothing.

Perr. O all he swallows Sir is melting Conserve,
And soft Indian Plum ! Meager what news ?

Enter Meager

Meag. Layd ! gently layd ! he is all Virgin sure,
From the crown of's Head, to his very Navel !

To: Pall. Where are his Breeches ? speak ! his Hat-
band too !

Tis of grand price, the stones are Rosiall, and
Of the white Rock ! Meag. I hung'm purposely
Aside, th'are all within my reach : shall I in ?

To: Pall. Soft ! softly my false fiend ! remember
Rogue ;

You tread on Glasses, Egges, and gowty Toes !

Meager takes out his Hat and Breeches, the Pock-
and Hatband rifled, they throw'm in a gen'l

Meag. Hold Pall ! th'Exchequer is thine own !
will

Divide, when thou art gracions and well pleas'd !

To: Pall. All Gold ! the Stalls of Lombard-stree
powr'd into a purse.

Perr. These deare Pall, are thy Brothers goodly
heards ?

To: Pall. Yes, and his proud Flocks ; but you se
what they

Come to ? a little room contains them all
At last ; so, so, convay them in again !

Because he is my Elder Brother !

My Mothers Mayden-head, and a Country Wit,
He shall not be exposed to bare thighes, and a
Bald Crown ! what noyse is that ? — knocking with
Perr. Death ! there's old Snore

(looks at a
The Constable ! his wife, a Regiment of Halberds,
And Mistresse Queasie too, the Landlady
That owns this house.

Meag. Belike th'ave heard our friend
The Bawd, fled hence last night : and now they come
To ceaze on Mooveables for rent !

Young Pall. The Bed within, and th' Hangings that
we hyr'd,
To furnish our design, are all condemn'd,
My brother too ; theyle use him with as thin
Remorse, as an old Gamester would an Aldermans
Heire !

Perr. No matter, our adventure's paid ! follow
Pall ! and 'll lead you a back way where you
Shall climbe ore tiles, like Cats when they make love.

Young Pall. Now I shall laugh at those, that heap-up
wealth
By lazie method, and slow rules of Thrift ;
I'm grown the Child of Wit, and can advance
My self, by being Votary to chance. Exeunt:

ACT. 3. SCEN. I.

Enter Snore, Mistress Snore, Queasie, and Watchmen.

Mist. Snore. Dayes o'my breath, I have not seen
the like !

What would you have my husband doe ? 'tis past
me by Boe, and the Bell-man has gone twice !

Queasie. Good Master Snore, you are the Constable,
you may doe it (as they say) be it right or wrong !
Is four years rent, come Childermas Eve next !

Snore. You see Neighbour Queasie the Doores are
open ;

There's no goods, no Bawde left ; I'd see the Bawde !

Mist. Snore. I or the Whores ; my husband's the

Kings officer, and still takes care I warrant yee of Bawds,

Whores ! Shew him but a Whore at this time

O' night (Good man) you bring him a bed i' faith !

Queasie. I pray Mistress Snore let him search the Parish,

They are not gone far, I must have my rent;
I hope there are Whores, and Bawds in the Parish !

Mist. Snore. Search now? it is too late ; a woman had

As good marry a Cowlestaffe as a Constable ;
If he must nothing but search and search, follow
His Whores, and Bawds all day, and never comfort
His Wife at night : I prethee Lambe let us to Bed !

Snore. It must be late ; for Gossip Nock the Nayle
man

Has catechys'd his Maids, and sung three Catches,
And a Song, ere we set forth !

Queasie. Good *Mist. Snore*, forbear your husband
but

To night ; and let the search go on !

Mist. Snore. I will not forbear ; you might ha' le
your house

To honest Women, not to Bawds ! fie upon you !

Queasie. Fie upon me ! tis well known I'm the
mother

Of Children ! Scirvie Fleak ! tis not for nought
You boyle Eggs in your Gruel, and your man Sampson
Owes my Sonne in law, the Surgeon, Ten groats
For Turpentine ; which you have promis'd to pay
Out of his Christmasse Box. *Mist. Snore.* I defie the
Remember thy first calling, thou setst up
With a Peek of Damsens, and a new Sive ; To
When thou brokest at Dowgate corner, 'cause the Bo Like
Flung down thy ware !

Snore. Keep the peace, Wife ! keep the peace !

Mist. Snore. I will not peace : she took my silver
Thimble

To pawn when I was a Maid ; I paid her

A penny a monech use ! *Queasie*. A Maid ? yes sure ;
By that token, goody *Tongue* the Midwife,
Had a dozen Napkins o' your Mothers best
Diaper, to keep silence ; when she said
She left you at Saint Peters Faire, where you
Long'd for Pigge !

Snore. Neighbour *Queasie*, this was not
In my time : what my Wife hath done, since I
Was Constable, and the Kings Officer,
Ile answer : therefore (I say) keep the peace !
And when w'have search'd the two back rooms, Ile to
bed !

Nayle Peace Wife ! not a word !

Exeunt

Enter Eld. Pallatine cloathing himself in haste

Eld. Pallat. Tis time to get on wings, and fly !
Here's a noyse of Thunder, Wolves, Women, Drums,
All that's confus'd, and frights the eare ! I heard
Them cry out Bawds ! the sweet young Lady is
Surpris'd sur e, by the nice slave her husband ;
Or some old frosty Matron of neere kinne ;
And the good Gentlemen sh' employd to me
Are tortur'd and call'd Bawds ! if I am tane,
Ile swear, I purpos'd her conversion —

Enter Snore, Mist. Snore, Queasie, and Watchmen

Snore. Here's a Room hung, and a faire Bed within,
I take it, there's the hee-Bawd too.

Queasie. Ceaze on the lewd thing !

I pray Master Snore, ceaze on the goods too !

Mist. Snore. Who would not be a Bawd ? th'ave
proper men

To their husbands ; and she maintains him
Like any parish-Deputy.

Eld. Pall. What are you ?

Snore. I am the Constable,

Eld. Pall. Good, the Constable ?

I begin to stroke my long ears, and find

I am

I am an Ass ! such a dull Ass, as deserves
Thistles for provender, and sawdust too
Insteed of Graines ! O I am finely gull'd.

Mist. Snore. Truly as proper a Bawd, as a woman
Would desire to use ? *Eld. Pall.* Master Constable,
Though these your Squires o'th Blade and Bill, seem to
Be courteous Gentlemen, and well taught, yet
I would know, why they embrace me ? (years rent,

Snore. You owe my neighbor (*Mist. Queasie*) four

Queasie. Yes and for three Bed Teekes and a Bras
Which your Wife promis'd me to pay this Terme, (pot;
For now (she said) sh'expects her country Customers

Eld. Pall. My Wife ! have I been led to'th Altar too;
By some doughty Deacon, tane woman by
The pretty thumb, and giving her a Ring
With my dear self, for better and for worse
And all in a forgotten dream ? But for whom
Doe you take me ? *Snore.* For the he Bawd.

Eld. Pall. Good faith, you may as soon,
Take me for a Whale, which is something rare
You know, o'this side the Bridge.

Mist. Snore. Tis indeed !
Yet your *Pant* was in the belly of one,
In my Lord Maiors Shew ; and husband you remember,
He beckned you out of the Fishes mouth,
And you gave him a Pepin, for the poor soul
Had like t'have choak'd, for very thirst.

Eld. Pall. I saw it, and cry'd out
O'th City, cause they would not be at charge
To let the Fish swim in a deeper Sea ! (then

Mist. Snore. Indeed ; why I was but a tiny Girle
I pray how long have you been a Bawd here ?

Eld. Pall. Againe ! how the Devill,
Am I chang'd, since my own Glafs rendred me
A Gentleman : well, master Constable,
Though ev'ry Stall's your Worships wooden Throne,

Here

Here you are humble, and o'foot ; therefore, I will put on my Hatt ; pray reach it me ! — *misses his*
Death ! my hatband ! a row of Diamonds *Diamond* Worth a thousand Markes ! Nay it is time then *Husband* To doubt and tremble too. My Gold ! my Gold ! — *searches his Pockets.*
And precious stones !

Miss. Snore. Doe you suspect my Husband ?
He hath no need o'your stones, I prayse heaven !

Eld. Pall. A plague upon your courteous midnight Good silly Saints, they are dividing now, (Leaders !) And ministring (no doubt) unto the poore ! This will decline the reputation of My Witt ; till I bethought to have a less head Then a Justice o'Peace ! If *Morglay* hear't, He'le think me dull, as a Dutch Marriner ! No med'cine now from thought ? Good ! 'tis design'd.

Snor. Come along ! 'tis late.

Eld. Pall. Whither must I goe ?

Quæs. To the Compter sir, unless my rent be payd !

Snor. And for being a Bawde !

Eld. Pall. Confin'd in Wainscot Walls too, Like a licorish Rat, for nibling Unlawfully upon forbidden Cheese ! This to the other fawce, is Alloes and Mirrh ! But Master Constable doe you behold this Ring ? His worth all the Bells in your Church steeple, Though your Sexton, and Side-men hung there too, To better the Peale. *Snor.* Well what's your request ?

Eld. Pall. Mary, that you will let me goe to fetch The Bawd, the very Bawd, that owes this rent ; Who being brought, you shall restore my Ring ; And believe mee to be an arrant Gentleman, Such as in's Scutchion gives Horns, Hounds, and Hawks, Hunting Nags, with tall Eaters in Blew Coats, Sance Number ! *Quæs.* Pray let him goe Master *Snor.*

Wee

Wee'l stay and keep the goods !

Mist. Snor. Yes, let him Husband.
For I would fain see a very hee Bawd !

Snor. Come Neighbours, light him ou: ! *Exeunt.*

Enter Yo: Pall, Amp. Pert, Luce, Ginet, Engine,
with lights.

Amp. A Forrest full of Palms; thy Lover (*Luce*)
Merits in Girlands for his victory.

I'm wild with joy ! why there was wit enough
In this design to bring a Ship o' fools
To shore agen, and make them all good Pilots !

To: Pallat. Madam, this Gentleman deserves to share
In your kind praise, he was a merry Agent
In the whole plot, and would exalt himself
To your Ladiships service : If you please
For my humble sake, unto your Lip too ! — *Pert salutes*

Amp. Sir you are friend to *Pallatine*, *her*
And that entitles you unto much worth.

Pert. The title will be better'd (*Madam*) when
I am become a Servant to your beauty.

Lucy. Why your confederate *Pert*, is courtly too ;
Hee will out-tongue a Favourite of *France* !
But didst thou leave thy Brother sursetting
On lewd hopes ? *To: Pall.* He believes all woman kind
Dress'd and ordain'd for th'mercy of his Tooth !

Amp. And now lies stretch'd in his smooth slipp'rie
Sheets !

To: Pall. O like, a wanton Snake on Camomile !
And rifled to so sad remains of wealth,
That if his resolution still disdain
Suppliment from his Lands, and he resolve
To live here by his Wits ; he will ere long
Betroth himself to Raddish women for
Their roots, pledge Children in their fucking Bottles,
And in dark winter-Mornings, rob small School-boy's
Of their Honey, and their Bread !

Pert.

The Wits.

Pert. Faith, *Meager* and I, u'sd him with as much
Remorse, as our occasions could allow;
'Lass, he must think we shreds of time
Have our occasions too !

To. Pal. What (Madam) need he care ?
For, let him but prove kind unto his Bulls,
Bring them their Heifers when their Crests are high ;
Stroak his fair Ewes, and pimp a little for
His Rams, they strait will multiply ; and then
The next great Fair, prepares him fit agen,
For th' Cities view, and our surprize.

Ampl. Why this young Gentleman hath relish in't
Yet when you understand the dark, and deep
Contrivements, which my self, *Engine*, and *Luce*,
Have laid for this great witty Villager,
To whom you bow as formost of your blood ;
You will degrade your selves from all prerogatives,
Above our Sex, and all those pretty Marks
Of Manhood (your trim beards) sindg off with Tapers,
As a just Sacrifice to our Supremacy.

Luce. If Sir *Tirant Thrift*, your Phlegmatick Guer-
Leave but this Mansion ours till the next Sun, (dian
Wee'l make your haughty brother tremble at
The name of Woman, and blush behinde a Fan
Like a yawning Bride, that hath foul Teeth !

Engine. Madam, 'tis time you were a Bed; for sure be-
The earnest invitation wh'ch I left (sides
Writ in his Chamber, these afflictions will
Disturb his rest, and bring him early hither
To recover his sick hopes. — *Enter Meager.*

To. Pal. *Meager* ! What news ? Madam, the homage
Your Lip agen ; A man o' War believ't ; (of
One that hath fasted in the face of's foe ;
Seen *Spinola* entrench'd ; sometimes hath spread
His Butter at the State's charge ; sometimes too,
Fed on a Sallad that hath grown upon

The Enemies own Land ; but, pardon me,
Without or Oyl, or Vinegar !

Ample. Sir, Men in choler may do any thing.

Meager. Your Ladiship will excuse his new plenty ;
It hath made him pleasant.

To. Pall. Meag. What news? how do our Spies prosper?

Meager. Sir, rare discoveries ! I've trac'd your Bro-
ther ;

You shall hear more anon :

Ginet. Your Ladiship forgets how early your
Designs will waken you ? *Engine.* Madam, I'd fain be
Bold too, to hasten you unto your rest :

Ample. 'Tis late (indeed) the silence of the Night
And sleep be with you Gentlemen ! *Exeunt, Ample, Gi-
net, Engine.*

To. Pall. Madam, good night, but our heads never were
Ordain'd to so much trivial leisure as
To sleep ; you may as soon entreat
A Sexton sleep in's Bellfry when the Plague reigns ;
'An aged Sinner in a Tempest, or
A jealous Statef-man when his Prince is dying.

Luce. Pray dismiss your friends, I would speak with
you.

To. Pall. Men o'the puissant Pike follow the lights. —

Exeunt Meager, Per-At-

Luce. Pall, You are as good natur'd to me Pall,
As the wife of a silenc'd Minister,
Is to a Monarchy, or to lewd Gallants,
That have lost a Nose ! *To. Pall.* And why so, Dan-

Luce?

Luce. So many yellow Images at once
Assembled in your fist, and Jewels too
Of goodly price, all this free booty got,
In lawful war, and I no tribute Pall ?

To. Pall. What need it, Luce ? a Virgin may live cheaper
Th're maintain'd with as small charge as a Wren
With Magots in a Cheesmongers Shop ?

Luce. Well *Pall*, and yet you know all my extremes?
How for a little Taffata to line
A Mask, I'm fain to mollifie my Mercer
With a soft whisper, and a tim'rous blush;
To sigh unto my Millener for Gloves;
That they may trust, and not complain unto my Aunt;
Who is as jealous of me as their wives, and all
Through you demeanour *Pall*; whose kindness I
Perceive, will raise me to such dignitie,
That I must teach Children in a dark Cellar,
Or work Coifs in a Garret for crackt Groats,
And broken meat! *Yo. Pal.* *Luce*, I will give thee *Luce*,
to buy *Luce*. What *Pal*?

Yo. Pal. An ounce of Arsnick to mix in thy Aunts Cau-
This Aunt, I must see cold, and grinning, *Luce*, (dels,
Seal'd to her last winke, as if she clos'd her eyes
To avoid the sight of Feathers, Coaches, and short

Luce. How many Angels of your Family (Cloaks;
Are there in heaven? but few I fear, and how,
You'l be the first, that shall intitle them
To such high calling, is to me a doubt!

Yo. Pal. Why is there never a Pue there (*Luce*) but for
Your coughing Aunt, and you?

Luce. Hadst thou eyes like flaming Beacons, crook'd
A tail three yards long, and thy feet cloven, (horns,
Thou couldst not be more a Fiend, then thou art now;
But to advance thy sins with being hard,
And costive unto me!

Yo. Pal. You lie! — *Flings her a Purse*,
ther's Gold! the Fairies are thy Mintmen Girl,
Of this thou shalt have store enough, to make
The hungry Academicks mention thee,
In Evening Lectures, with applause, and prayer;
Foundress thou shalt be. *Luce.* Of Hospitals,
cheaper for your decayed self, *Meager*, and *Pert*,
Then those wealthy Usurers, your poor friends.

To: Pal. A Nunn'ry Luce, where all the female Issue
Of our decay'd Nobility shall live
Thy Pensioners : it will preserve them from
Such want, as makes them quarter Arms with th'City,
And match with saucie Haberdashers Sons,
Whose Fathers liv'd in Allies, and dark Lanes !

Luce. Good night *Pall.* your gold Ile lay up, though
T'encounter the next Surgeons Bill ; yet know (but
Our Wits are ploughing too, and in a ground
That yields as fair a grain as this !

To. Pal. Farewel, and let me hear thy Aunt is stuck
With more Bay-leaves and Rosemary, than a
Westphalia Gammon. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Eld. Pallatine*, and *Thwack* dressing himself.

Eld. Pal. Quick, dispatch Knight ! thou art as tedi-
ous in

Thy dressing, as a Court Bride ; two Ships might
Be rigg'd for the Straits, in less space than thou
Carreen'st that same old Hulk ; can it be thought
That one so fill'd with hope and wise designs
Could be subdu'd with sleep, what dull, and drowsie ?
Keep earlier hours than a roost Hen in Winter ?

Thwack. Pallatine, the design grew all Dream , Ma-
gick ,

And Alchymie to me : I gave it lost !

Clove to my soft Pillow, like a warm Justice,
And slep: there with less noise than a dead Lawyer
In a Monument.

Eld. Pal. This is the house, dispatch, that I may knock

Thwack. S'light stay, thou think'st I've the dexterity

Of a Spaniel, that with a yawn, a scratch
On his left ear, and stretching his hind-legs,
Is ready for all day : O for the Biscayn sleeve,
And Bulloign hose, I wore when I was shrieve,
In eighty eight ! *Eld. Pal.* Faith thou art comly Knight
And I already see the Town Girles melt ,

An

And thaw before thee, *Thwack*, We must be content !
 Thou know'st all men are bound to wear their limbs.
 I'th same skin that Nature bestows upon them ;
 Be it rough, or be it smooth ; for my part,
 If she to whom you lead me now like not
 The grain of mine, I will not flea my self,
 Thunor the touch of her Ladiships fingers !

Eld. Pal. Well, I had thought t' have carried it with
 Youth,

But when I came to greet her beauties with
 The eyes of love and wonder, she despis'd me,
 Rebuk'd those haughty Squires, her Servants that
 Convei'd me thither in mistake, and cry'd,
 She meant the more Authentick Gentleman,
 The rev'rend Mounfier, shee ! *Thwack*, The rev'rend
 Mounfier ?

Why, does she take me for a *French Dean* ?

Eld. Pal. Her Confessor at least, her secrets are
 Thine own ; but by what charms attain'd ,
 Let him determine that has read *Agrippa*.

Thw. Charms? yes Sir, if this be a Charm—or this—
 Or here again t'advance th' activity (leaps and frisks.
 Of a poor old back ! *Eld. Pal.* No Ape, Sir *Morglay*,
 After a years obedience to the Whip,
 Is better quallify'd ! *Thw.* Limber, and sound Sir !
 Besides, I sing, little *Musgrove*, and then
 for the *Chevie Chase* no Lark comes neer me :
 If she be t'ane with these, why at her peril bee't.

Eld. Pall. Come Sir, dispatch ! He knock, for here's
 the house.

Thwack. Stay, stay ; this Lane (sure) has no great re-
 the house too, if the Moon reveal't aright, (nown !
 Lay for its small Magnificence be left
 For ought we know) out of the Citié-Map.

Eld. Pall. Therein consists the Miracle, and when
 the doors shall ope, and thou behold, how lean

And *And*

And ragged ev'ry room appears, till thou
Hast reach'd the Sphere, where she (illustrious) moves,
Thy wonder will be more perplex'd; for know
This Mansion is not hers, but a conceal'd
Retirement, which her wisdome safely chose
To hide her loose love.

Thwack. Give me a Baggage that has brains! but *Pal.*
Did not I at first perwade thee, those two (latine,
Trim Gentlemen, her Squires might happily
Mistake the person unto whom the message was
Dispos'd; and that my self was he?

Eld. Pal. Thou didst! and thou hast got (Knight) by
this hand

I think, the *Moguls Neece*; she cannot be
Of less descent, the height and strangeness of
Her port, denote her forreign, and of great blood.

Thwack. What should the *Moguls Neece* do here?

Eld. Pal. 'Las thy Ears are buried in a Wool-sack?
Thou hear'st no News! 'tis all the voice in Court,
That she is sent hither in disguise, to learn
To play on the *Gitarb*, and make Almond Butter!
But whether this great Lady that I bring
Thee to, be shee; is yet not quite confirm'd!

Thwack. Thou talk'st o th high, and strange com-
portment that—
Thou found'st her in!

Eld. Pal. Right Sir! she sat on a rich Persian Quilt,
Thridding a Carckanet, of pure round Pearl,
Bigger then Pigeons Eggs; *Thwack.* Those I will sell

Eld. Pall. Her maids with little rods of Rosemarie,
And stalks of Lavander, were brushing Ermines skins;

Thw. Furs for the Winter, Ile line my Breeches with
them!

Eld. Pal. Her young smooth Pages lay, round at her
feet;

Cloath'dlike the Sophies Sons; and all at Dice;
The Caster six Wedges a Cubit long.

Cries one, another comes a Tun of Pistolets
And then is cover'd with an Argosie,
Laden with Indico, and Cutchynill !

Thwack This must be the great *Moguls* Neece !

Eld. Pal. As for her Grooms, they all were planted
Their knees, carowing their great Ladie's health (on
In perfum'd Wines, and then straight qualify'd
Their wild, voluptuous heats with cool Cerbet,
The *Turks* own *Julip*? *Thw. Knock, Pallatine!*
Quick Rogue ! I cannot hold ; little thought I
The *Thwack's* of the North, should inoculate
With the *Mogul's* of the South! — *Pallatine Knock's.*

Enter Snore.

Eld. Pal. Speak softly Master Constable, I've brought
The very he Bawd ! *Snore*. Blessing on your heart, Sir :
My Warch are above at *Trea Trip*, for a
Black Pudding, and a pound o' *Suffolk* Cheese ;
They'l ha'done straight : Pray fetch him to me,
Ile call them down, and lead him to a by-room.

Thw. Pallatine, what's he ? *Eld. Pal.* The Ladie's steward
A sage Philosopher, and a grave Pandar ! (Sir,
One that hath writ bawdy Sonnets in *Hebrew*,
And those so well, that if the Rabbins were
Alive, 'tis thought he would corrupt their Wives.
Follow me Knight : — *Thw. Pallatine*,
Half the large Treasure that I get, is yours.

Eld. Pal. Good faith (my friend) when you are once
posse's'd

Of all, 'tis as your Conscience will vouchsafe.

Thwack. Do'st thou suspect ? Ile stay here till thou
A Bible, and a Cushion, and swear kneeling. (fetch,

Eld. Pal. My faith shall rather cozen me, walk in
With this Philosopher — No words : for hee's

A Pythagorean, and professes silence.

My Ring Master Constable — *Snore* gives him his
(Ring, then Exit with *Thwack*.)

Here yet my Reputation's safe ! should he
 Have heard of my mischance, and not accompany'd
 With this defeat upon himself, his Mirth
 And Tyranny had been 'bove humane sufferance !
 Now for the Lady *Ample*, she (I guesse)
 Looks on me with strong fervent Eyes ; shee's rich ;
 And could I work her into profit, 'twould
 Procure my Wit, immortall memory ;
 But to be gull'd ? and by such Trifles too ;
 Dull, humble Gentlemen that ne're drunk Wine,
 But on some Coronation day, when each
 Conduit pisses Claret at the Town charge !
 Well, though 'tis worse than Steel or Marble to
 Digest ; yet I have learn'd, one stop in a
 Career, taints not a Rider with disgrace ;
 But may procure him breath to win the race. *Exit.*

ACT 4. SCEN. I.

Enter *Yo: Pallatine*, *Engine*, *Meager*, *Pert*, *Pallatine* richly cloath'd.

Engin. Your Brother's in the house, the Letter which
 I sent to tempt him hither wrought above
 The reach of our desires ; My Lady Sir,
 He does beleive, is sick to death ; and all
 In languishment for his dear love.

Yo: Pall. *Pert*, and *Meager*, though you have both
 good faces,
 They must not be seen ; there is below,
 A Brother o'mine, whom (I take it) you
 Have us'd not over tenderly.

Meag. S'light he must needs remember us !

Pert. Wee'l sooner stay t'out-face a Basilisk !

Whither shall we go ?

Yo: Pall. To *Snore* the Constable : *Morglay* is still
 A Pris'ner in his house ; take order for's

Release,

Release, as I projected, but (d'you heare)

Hee must not free him till I come.

Perr. Pall. will the dull Ruler of the night (*Pall*)
Obay thy Edict !

To: Pall: His wife will, and she's his Constable !
Name mee but to her, and she does homage !

Meag. Enough, wee will attend thee there !

Engin. This way Gentlemen. *Exeunt Engine,*
(*Perr, Meager.*)

Enter Elder Pallarine.

Eld: Pal What's this, an apparition, a Ghost im-
broider'd ?

Sure he has got the Devill for his Taylor.

To: Pal. Good morrow Brother, Morrow !

Eld. Pal. You are in glory sir, I like this flourishing
The Lilly too, looks handsome for a Month ;
But you (I hope) will last out the whole year !

To: Pall. What flourishing ! O Sir, belike you mean
My Cloathes ; th'are Raggs, coarse homely Raggs,
beleev't ;

Yet they will serve for th'Winter sir, when I
Ride post in *Sussex* ways ! —

Eld. Pal. This gayetie denotes
Some solitary treasure in the Pocket,
And so you may become a lender too ;
You know, I'm far from home !

To: Pal. I'll lend nothing, but good Counsell, and
Wit.

Eld. Pal. Why sure, you have no Factors sir, in *Delph*
Lyghorne, Aleppo, or th Venetian Iles,
That by their Traffique can advance you thus ;
Nor doe you trade i'th City by retaile
In our small Wares : All that you get by Law,
Is but a doleful Execution
After Arrest, and for your power in Court ;
I know your stockings being on, you are

Ad:

Admitted in the Presence.

To: Pal. What does this inferr Brother?
Men of design are chary of their Minutes,
Be quick and subtile !

Eld. Pal. The Inf'rence is
You prosper by my documents ; and what
You have atchiev'd must be by your good Wits !

To: Pal. If you had had a *Sybil* to your Nurse,
You could not (Sir) have aym'd neerer the truth.
I saw your Ears and Baggs, were shut to all
Intents of bounty ; therefore was inforc'd
Into this way ; and 'twas at first somewhat
Against my Conscience too !

Elder Pal. If not to vex
The zealous spirit in you, I would know why ?

To: Pal. Good faith I've search'd Records, and
cannot find

That *Magna Charta* does allow a Subject
To live by his Wits : there is no Statute for't !

Eld. Pal. Your Common Lawyer was no Antiquary

To: Pal. And then (credit me Sir) the Canons of
The Church authorize no such thing :

Eld. Pal. You have met with a dull Civilian too !

To: Pal. Yet Brother, these impediments carnot
Choke up my way ; I must still on ! (heire

Eld. Pal. And you believe the Stories of young
Enforc'd to sign at Mid-night to appease
The Sword Mans wrath, may be out-done by you !

To: Pal. I were unkind else, to my own good parts !

Eld. Pal. And that your Wit has power to temp
from the

Severe, grave Bench, the Aldermen themselves,
To rifle where you please, for Skarfs, Feathers,
And for Race-Nags :

To: Pal. It is believ'd Sir, in a trice !

Eld. Pal. And that your wit can lead our rev'ren
Matrons,

nd tefty Widows of fourscoure, to seale
And in their smocks) for fraile commodities
o elevate your Punke ?

To: Pal. All this Sir, is so easie,
y Faith would swallow't, thought had a sore throat !

Eld. Pal. Give me thy hand ! This day Ile cut off
the entaile

Of all my Lands, and dis-inherit thee !

To: Pal. Will you Sir ? I thanke yee !

Eld. Pal. But marke me Brother ; for there's Ju-
stice in't,

Admits of no reproof ; what should you doe ?
With Land, that have a Portion in your Brain,
Above all Legacies or heritage ?

To: Pal I conceive you !

Eld. Pal. O to live here, i'th fair Metropolis
Of our great Isle, a free Inheritor
Of ev'ry modest, or voluptuous wish,
Thy young desires can breathe ; and not oblig'd
To th' Plough-mans toyls, or lazie Reapers swet,
To make the world thy Farm, and eve'ry Man,
Leis witty than thy self, Tenant for life,
These are the glories that proclaim a true
Philosophie, and Soul, in him that climbs
To reach them with neglect of Fame and Life !

To: Pal. He carries it bravely ! As he had felt
Nothing that fits his own remorse ; but know,
Sir Eagle, th'higher that you flye, the less
You will appear to us, dim-sighted Fowle,
That flutter here below. Brother farewell !
They say, the Lady of this house, groans for
Your love, the tame sick fool is rich ; let not
Your pride beguile your profit !

Exit

Eld. Pal. I suspect him ! Not all the skill I have
In Reason or in Nature can pronounce
Him free from the defeat upon my Gold,

And

And Jewels! 'twas like a Brother! but for
His two Confederates; though I should meet
Them in a Mist, darker than Night or Southern Fens
Produce, my eies would be so courteous sure,
To let me know them!

*Enter Ample, carried in as sick in a Couch, Luce,
Engine, Ginet.*

Engin. Room! More ayre! if heay'nly Ministers
Have leasure to consider or assist
The best of Ladies, let them shew it now! —

Luce. How do you Madam? Oh, I shall lose
The chief example of internal love
Of gentle grace, and feature, that the world
Did ever shew to dignifie our Sex!

Eng. Work on! I must stand Sentinel beneath! *Exit.*
Eld. Pal. Is her disease grown up to such extremity?
Then it is time, I seem to suffer too;
Or else my hopes will prove sicker than shee!

Luce. More cruel than the Panther on his prey!
Why speak you not? no comfort from your Lips
You Sir that are the cause of this sad hower!

Gin. He stands as if his Legs had taken root;
A very Mandrake!

Eld. Pal. How comes it (Lady) all these Beauties
that

But yesterday did seem to teach
The Spring to flourish and rejoice, so soon
Are wither'd from our sight.

Ampl. It is in vain, t' inquire the reason of
That grief, whose remedy is past; had you
But felt so much remorse, or softness in
Your heart, as would have made you nobly just,
And pitiful; the Mourners of this day
Had wanted then, their Dead to weep upon!

Eld. Pal. Am I the cause? forbid it gentle heaven!
The Virgins of our Land, when this is told,

Wi

XUM

Will raze the Monumental building, where
My buried flesh shall dwell, and throw my dust
Before the sportive windē, till I am blown
About in parcels less then Eye-sight can
Discern !

Luce. She listens to you sir ?

Eld. Pal. If I am guilty of neglect ;
Give me a taste of dutie, name how far
I shall submit to love ! the mind hath no
Disease above recovery, if wee
Have courage to remove despair !

Ampl. O Sir, the pride and scorns, with which you
first

Did entertain my passions, and regard,
Have worn my easie heart away ; my breast
Is emptier then mine Eies ; that have distill'd
Their Balls to Funeral Dew ! It is too late !

Luce. *Ginet*, my feares have in them too much
Prophecie,

told thee she would ne're recover

Ginet. For my poor part, I wish no easier Bed
At night, then the cold grave where she must lie !

Ampl. *Luce, Luce* ! intreat the Gentleman to sit !

Luce. Sit neer her, sir ! You hear her voyce grows
weak !

Ampl. That you may see your scorns could not per-
suade

My love, to thoughts of anger or revenge ;
The faint remainder of my breath, Ile waste
Legacies, and Sir to you, you shall
ave all the Laws will suffer me to give !

Eld. Pal. Who, I ? sweet Saint, take heed of your
last Deeds !

Our bounty carries cunning Murder in't,
Shall be kill'd with kindness, and depart
Sleeping, like a fond Infant, whom the Nurse

Would

Would sooth, too early to his bed !

Luce. Nay Sir, no remedy, you must have all :
Though you procur'd her death ; the world shall not
Report ; she dy'd beholding to you !

Ginet. Goe to her Sir, she'd speak with you agen !

Ampl. Sir, if mine Eies, in all their health and glory,
Had not the power to warm you into Love,
Where are my hopes, now they are dim, and have
Almost forgot the benefit of light !

Eld. Pal. Not love ! Lady ! Queen of my heart !
what oaths

Or execrations can perswade your faith
From such a cruel jealousie !

Amp. I'd have some testimony Sir ; if but
T'assure the world, my love and bounty at
My death, were both conferr'd on one, that shew'd
So much requital, as declares he was
Of gentle humane race !

Eld. Pal. What shall I doe ?
Prescribe me dangers now, horrid as those
Which Mid-night fires beget, in Cities overgrown ;
Or Winter-storms produce at Sea ; and try
How far my love will make me venture to
Augment th'esteem of yours !

Ampl. That trial of your love which I request
Implies no danger Sir ; 'tis not in me
To urge any thing, but what your own desires
Would chuse !

Eld. Pal. Name it ! like eager Mastiffs, chain'd
From the encounter of their game, my hot
Fierce appetite diminisheth my strength !

Ampl. 'Tis only this : for fear some other should
Enjoy you when I'm cold in my last sleep ;
I would intreat you to sit here, grow sick,
Languish, and dye with mee !

Eld. Pal. How ! dye with you ! Takes *Luce* aside.

'Twere

'Twere fit, you hastned her to write down all
She can bestow, and in some form of Law :
I fear, shee's mad ! her senses are so lost,
Shee'l never find them to her use agen !'

Luce. I pray Sir why ?

Eld. Pal. Did you not heare what a fantastick fute
Shee makes, that I would sit and dye with her ?

Luce. Does this request seem strange ? you will do
For a Lady, that deny to bring her (little
Onward her last journey ; or is't your thrift ?
Alas you know, Souls travel without charge !

Eld. Pal. Her little skull is tainted too !

Ampl. Is he not willing *Luce* ?

Eld. Pal. My best dear Lady, I am willing to
Resign my self to any thing but death !
Do not suspect my kindness now ; In troth
I've businels upon Earth will hold me here
At least a score or two of years, but when
That's done; I am content to follow you !

Amp. If this perswasion cannot reach at your
Consent; yet let me witness so much love
In you, as may enforce your languish, and
Decay, for my departure from your sight.

Luce. Can you do less then languish for her death ?
Sit down here, and begin ! true sorrow Sir,
If you have any in your brest will quickly
Bring you low enough !

Eld. Pal. Alas good Ladies ! do you think my languish-
And grief is to begin upon me now ? (ment
Heaven knows how I have pin'd, and groan'd, since first
Your letter gave me knowledge of the cause !

Luce. It is not seen Sir in your face !

Eld. Pal. My face ! I grant you; I bate inwardly !
I'm scorch'd, and dry'd, with sighing, to a Mummie !
My Heart and Liver are not big enough
To choak a Daw ! A Lamb laid on the Altar for

A sacrifice hath' much more entrails in't !

Luce. Yet still your sorrow alters not your face ?

Eld. Pal. Why no, I say ! No man, that ever was
Of Nature's making, hath a face moulded
With less help for hypocrisy than mine !

Ginet. Great pitty Sir !

Eld. Pal. Though I endur'd the Diet and the Flux ;
Lay seven days buried up to'th Lips like a
Deceas'd sad Indian in warm sand ; whilst his
Afflicted Female wipes his salt foam off
With her own hair, feeds him with Buds of Guaicum
For his salad ; and Pulp of Salsa for
His Bread ; I say, all this endur'd would not
Concern my face ! Nothing can decline that !

Amp. Yet you are us'd Sir, to bate inwardly !

Eld. Pal. More then heirs unlanded, or unjoynter'd

Enter *Engine.* (Wives)

Engine. What shall we do ? Sir *Tirant Thrift's* come
home !

Eld. Pal. Sir *Tirant Thrift* ! *Luce.* My Ladie's Guardi-
dian Sir !

Amp. He meets th'expected hour, just to my wish !

Luce. What hath he brought a Husband for my Lady

Engin. There is a certain one legg'd Gentleman,
Whose better half or limbs is wood ; for whom
Kind Nature did provide no hands, to prevent
Stealing ; and to augment his gracefulness,
Hee's crooked as a Witches Pitt !

Luce. Is he so much wood ?

Engine. So much, that if my Lady were in health,
And married to him, as her Guardian did

Propose, we should have an excellent generation
Of Bed-staves. *Luce.* When does he come ?

Engin. To night if his slow Litter will consent ;
For they convey him tenderly, lest his
Sharp bones should grate together : Sir *Pallantine*,

I will

I wish you could escape my Masters sight!

Eld. Pal. Is he coming hither?

Engine. Hee's at the door! My Ladies sicknes was
No sooner told him, but he straight projects
To proffer her a Will of his own making!
He means Sir to be heir of all: if he
Should see you here, he would suspect my loyaltie,
And doubt you for some cunning Instrument,
That means to interrupt his covetous hopes!

Eld. Pal. Then Ile be gone.

Engine. No Sir, he needs must meet you in
Your passage down! besides, it is not fit
For you and your great hopes, with my dependancies
On both, to have you absent when my Lady dyes;
I know you must have all: Sir I could wish
That wee might hide you here! —

Draw out the Chest within, that's big enough
To hold you: it were dangerous to have (Chest
My Ladies Guardian to find you Sir! — *They draw in a*

Eld. Pal. How! layd up like a brush'd Gown under
And key! By this good light, not 1! (lock

Luce. O Sir, if but to save the honour of
Your Mistris fame, what will he think to see
So comely, and so straight a Gentleman
Converse here with a Lady in her Chamber.
And in a time that makes for his suspition too,
When hee's from home!

Eld. Pal. I hate enclosure, I!

It is the humor of a distress'd Rat!

Giner. It is retirement Sir, and you'l come forth
Agen, so sage!

Ampl. Sir Pallatine! —

Luce. Your Lady calls Sir, to her, and be kind!

Ampl. Will you permit the last of all my howers
Should be defil'd with Infamie, proclaim'd
Lewder Tongues, to be unchaste ev'n at

My death? what will my Guardian guess to find
You here?

Eld. Pal. No more, Ile in! but think on't gentle Lady!
First to bate inwardly, and then to have
My outward person shut thus and inclos'd
From daylight, and your company; I say (Chest
But think, it's not worse than death! — *He enters the*

Amp. Lock him up *Luce*, safe as thy Mayden-head!

Enter Sir Tirant Thrift.

Thrift, *Engine*, where's my charge *Engine*, my
deare charge!

Engin. Sick as I told you Sir, and lost to all
The hope, that earthly med'cine can procure!
Her Physitians have taken their last fees
And then went hence shaking their empty heads,
As they had left less brain than hope!

Thrift. Alas poor Charge! come, let me see her
Engine!

Luce. At distance Sir, I pray, for I have heard
Your breath is somewhat sowre, with overfasting Sir,
On Holy-day Eeves!

Thrift. Ha! what is shee *Engine*?

Engin. A pure, good soul, one that your Ward desir'd
For love and kindreds sake, t'have neer her at
Her death; shee'l outwatch a long Rush Candle,
And reade's to her all night the Posie of
Spiritual Flowers!

Thrift. Does she not gape for Legacies?

Engin. Fye no! there's a Cornelian Ring, perhaps
Shee aimes at, cost Ten Groats; or a wrought Smooch
My Lady made now 'gainst her wedding Sir;
Trifles which Mayds desire to weep upon
With Fun'ral Tales, after a Midnight Posie.

Thrift. Thou saydst below, she hath made mee
heire.

Engin. Of all, ey'en to her Slippers and her Pins!

Amp. Luce, me thought Luce I heard my Guardians voyce !

Engin. It seems her senses are grown warm agen ; Your presence will recover her !

Thrift. Will it recover her, then Ile be gon !

Engin. No Sir, shee'l straight grow cold agen ! On! on! She looks that you would speak to her.

Thrift. Alas poor Charge ! I little thought to see This doleful day.

Amp. Wee all are mortal Sir !

Thrift. I've taken care, and labour, to provide A Husband for thee ; hee's in's Litter now, Hastening to Town ; a fine young Gentleman ! Onely a little rumpled in the womb, With fals his Mother took, after his making.

Amp. Death is my husband now ! but yet I thank You for your tender pains, and wish you would Continue it in quiet governing my Legacies, When I am past the power to see it Sir ; You shall enjoy all !

Thrift. This will occasion more Church building ; And raising of new Hospitals ; there were desir'd know before ; but Charge you'l have it so.

Amp. Ile make Sir one request ; which I have hope, You'l grant in thankfulness to all my bounty !

Thrift. O deare Charge ! any thing ! Your Couzen here

shall witness the consent and Act.

Ampl. Because I would not have my vanities remain, as fond examples to perswade imitation in those Ladies that

exceed my youthful Pride i'th Town : my Plumes, fantastick Flowers, and Chains ; my haughty Rich ee bombroideries : my gawdy Gowns, and wanton Jewels, have lock'd within a Chest !

Luce. There Sir, there the Chest stands.

Ampl. And I desire it may be buried with me !

Thrift. Engine, take care Engine, to see it done !

Ampl. Now Sir, I beseech you leave mee : for 'twil
But make my death more sorrowful, thus to
Continue my converse with one, I so
Much love, and must forsake at last.

Thrift. Alack, alack ! bury her to night Engine !

Engin. Not Sir, unless she dies. Her Ancestors
Have so journ'd long here in St. Bartholomewes,
And there's a Vault i'th Parish Church, kept only
For her Family ; she must be buried there.

Thrift. I Engine, I, and let me see ; the Church
Thou knowst, joyns to my house, a good prevention
From a large walke ; 'twill save the charge of Torch-
light.

Engin. What Fun'ral Ghests ? the neighbours Sir,
will look
To be invited !

Thrift. No more then will suffice
To carry down the Corps ; and thou knowst Engine,
Shee is no great weight.

Engin. And what to entertain them Sir ?

Thrift. A little Rose-marie, which thou mayst steal
From th' Temple Garden ; and as many Comfits
As might serve to Christen a Watch-mans Bastard :
Twill be enough !

Engin. This will not doe ! Your Citizen
Is a most fierce devourer Sir, of Plums !
Six will destroy as many as can make
A Banquet for an Armie !

Thrift. Ile have no more, Engine.
Ile have no more, nor (d'you heare) no Burnt wine
I doe not like this drinking healths to'th memory
O'th dead ; it is prophane.

Engin. You are obay'd !
But Sir, let me advise you now to trust

The care and benefit of all your fate
Presents you in this house, to my discretion ;
And get you instantly to horse agen.

Thrift. Why Engine, speak ?

Engin. In brief, you know, that all
The Writings which concern your Wards estate,
Lye at her Lawyers fifteen Miles from hence !
Your credit, he not knowing (Sir,) shee's sick,
Will eas'ly tempt them to your own Possession :
Which, once injoy'd, y'are free from all litigious suites
His envie might incense her Kindred to !

Thrift. Enough Engine, I am gone !

Engin. If you should meet the crooked Lover in
His Litter Sir (as 'tis in your own rode)
You may perswade him move like a Crab, backward ;
For here's no mixture, but with worms.

Thrift. 'Tis well thought on Engine ! farewell

Engine !

Be faithful and be rich ! —

Engin. My breeding and
Good manners Sir, teach me t'attend your bounty !

Thrift. But Engine, I could wish, she would be sure
To dye to night !

Engin. Alas good Soul ! He undertake
She shall do anything to please you Sir ! *Exit Thrift.*

Ampl. Engine thou hast wrought above the power
Of Accident, or Art !

Engin. If you consider't with a just
And lib'rall brain : first, to prevent
Th'access, and tedious visits of the Fiend
His love-sick Monster, and then rid him hence,
Upon a journey to preserve this house
Empty and free to celebrate the rest
Of our designs ! *(at the Chest.*

Luce. This Engine, is thy Hollyday ! — *Luce knocks*
What hoa ! Sir Pallatine, are you within ?

Eld. Pal. Is Sir Tirant Thrist gone? open Lady? open!

Luce. The Cazement Sir I will, a little to increase your witships allowance of aire! — *opens a wicket* But th' troth, for liberty of limbs you may *at th' end of* As soon expect it in a Gally Sir, *the Chest* After six Murders and a Rape!

Eld. Pal. How Lady of the Lawn! *Luce.* Sir Launcelot Yo may believ't, if your discreet faith please; This Tenement is cheap; here you shall dwell, Keepe home, and be no wanderer!

Eld. Pal. The Pox take me if I like this! sure when Th' advice of th' Ancients is but ask'd, they'll say I am now worse, than in the state of a Bawd!

Engin. D you know this Lady Sir?

Eld. Pal. The Lady Ample! Her vayle's off too! and in the lusty garb Of health and merriment! Now shall I grow As modest as a snayle that in's affliction Shrinks up himself, and's horns into his shell, Asham'd still to be seen.

Ampl. Couldst thou believe, Thou bearded Babe! thou dull ingendrer! Male rather in the back, than in the brain, That I could sicken for thy love? for th' cold Society of a thin Northern Wit! — *Eld. Pallatine* sings

Eld. Pal. Then *Troyans* waile with great remorse, The *Greeks* are lock'd i'ch wooden horle! *Enter Yo: Pal.*

Luce. Pall, come in Pall! tis done! the spacious Man Of Land, is now contented with his own length.

Ample. Your Brothers come to see you Sir!

Eld. Pal. Brother! Mad Girtles these I couldst thou believ't firrah!

I am Coffin'd up like a Salmon Pye, New sent from *Den'shire* for a token! Come, Break up the Chest!

Yo: Pal.

To: Pal. Stay Brother, whose Chest is it ?

El. Pal. Thoul'task more questions then a Constable
In's sleepe ! prethee dispatch !

To: Pal. Brother, I can,
But marke the Malice and the envy of
Your nature : I am no sooner exalted
To rich Possessions, and a glorious meen ;
But straight you tempt mee to a forfeiture
Of all ; to commit Felony ; break open Chests !

El. Pal. O for Dame Patience ! the Fools Mistress !

To: Pal. Brother, you have prayd well, heaven send
her you :

You must forfake your own fair fertile soyle,
To live here by your Wits !

Luce. And dream Sir of

Enjoying goodly Ladies six yards high !

With Sattin Trains behind them ten yards long !

Amp. Cloth'd all in Purple, and imbroydred with
Embossements wrought in Imag'ry, the works
O'th ancient Poets drawn into similitude,
And cunning shape !

Gin. And this attain'd Sir by your Wits. (but

To: Pal. Nothing could please your haughty Pallat
The Muskatelli, and Frantiniak Grape !
Your Turin and your Tuscan Veale, with Red
Legg'd Partridge of the *Genoa* hills !

Engin. With your broad Liver o'th Venetian Goose ;
Fatned by a Jew ; and your aged Carpe,
Bred i'th *Geneva* Lake !

Ampl.

Luce. All this maintain'd Sir by your Wits !

Ginet.

Eng. And then you talk'd Sir of your Snails t'ane from
The dewy Marble Quarries of *Carrara*,
And sows'd in *Luca* Oyle ; with Cream of *Zwitzerland*,
And *Genoa* paste.

To: Pal. Your Angelots of *Brie* !
 Your Marsolini, and Parmasan of *Lodi* !
 Your *Malamucka Mellons*, and *Cicilian Dates* !
 And then to close your proud voluptuous Maw,
 Marmalad made, by the cleanly Nuns of *Lisbonne* !

Amp. ♪

Luce. ♪ And still thus feasted by your wits !

Ginet. ♪

Eld. Pal. Deafned with tyranny ! is there no end !

Ampl. Yes Sir, an end of you ; you shall be now
 Convay'd into a closse dark Vault, there keep

My silent Grandsire company ; and all
 The Musicke of your groanes, engrofs to your own

Eld. Pal. How ! buried, and alive ? (earns

To: Pal. Brother ! your hand ! —

Farewel ! I'm for the North ! the fame of this
 Your voluntary death, will there be thought
 Pure courtesie to me. I mean to take
 Possession sir, and patiently converse
 With all those Hindes, those Heards, and Flocks,
 That you disdain'd in fulnes of your Wit !

Luce. Help *Pall* to carry him ! he takes it heavily ! —

Eld. Pal. I'le not endur't ! fire ! murder ! fire !
 treason !

Murder ! treason ! fire ! —

Amp. Alas you are not heard !
 The house contains none but our selves !

Exit carrying out the Chest.

Enter *Thwack*, *Pert*, *Meager*.

Pert. We bring you sir, commends from *Pallatine* !
Thwack. I had as live, y'had brought it from the Devil !
 Together with his horns boyld to a Jelly,
 For a Cordial against lust !

Meag. We mean the younger *Pallatine* ; one Sir,
 That loves your person, and laments this chance,
 Which his false brother hath expos'd you to !

Pert.

Pert. And as we told you Sir, by his command,
We have compounded with the Constable;

In whose dark house, y're now a Prisoner!

But Sir, tak't on my Faith; you must disburse!

For Gold is a Restorative, as well

To liberty as health! *Thwack.* And you beleeve

(It seems that your small-tinie Officer

Will take his Unction in the Palm as lovingly,

As your exalted Grandee that aws all

With hideous voice and face.

Pert. Even so the Moderns render it!

Thwack. But Gentlemen, you ask a hundred pounds;

Tis all I've left. *Pert.* Sir, do but think what a

Prodigious blemish it will be both to

Your ingenuity, and fame, to be

Betray'd by one, that is believ'd no wittier than

Your self, and lye imprison'd for a Bawd!

Thw. Sir name it not! You kill me through the ear;

I'd rather Sir, y'ould take my Mother from

Her grave, and put her to do Pennance in

Her winding sheet: there is the Sum.—

Meag. I'll in Sir, and discharge you! *Exit Meager.*

Thw. These carnal Mulcts and Tributes are designd

Only to such vain people as have Land;

Are you, and your friend Landed Sir?

Pert. Such Land as we can share Sir in the Map.

Thw. Lo'you there now: These live by their Wits!

Why should not I take the next Key I meet,

And open this great head; to try if there

Be any brains left, but sowre Curds and Plum-broth!

Couzen'd in my Youth! couzen'd in my Age!

Sir, do you judge, if I have cause to curse

This false inhumane Town! when I was young,

I was arrested for a stale commodity

Of Nut-crackers, long Gigs, and Casting Tops:

Now I am old, imprison'd for a Bawd!

Pert.

Pert. These are sad Tales,

Thw. I will write down to'th Country to dehort
The Gentry from coming hither, Letters
Of strange dire News; You shall disperse them Sir,

Pert. Most faithfully:

Thw. That there are Lents, six years long proclaim'd
by ths state!

That our *French* and *Deal* Wines are poyson'd so
With Brimstone by the *Hollander*, that they
Will onely serve for Med'cine to recover
Children of the Itch; and there is not left
Sack enough, to mull for a Parsons cold.

Pert. This needs must terrifie!

Thw. That our Theaters are raz'd down; and where
They stood, hoarse Midnight Lectures preach'd by
Wives

Of *Comb-makers*, and Mid-wives of *Tower-wharf*.

Pert. Twill take impregnably!

Thw. And that a new Plantation Sir (mark me)
Is made i'th *Covent Garden*, from the Sutlerie
O'th *German* Camps, and the Suburbs of *Paris*,
Where such a salt disease reigns as will make
Sassafras dearer than *Unicorns Horn*!

Pert. This cannot chuse but fright the Gentry hence,
And more impoverish the Town, than a
Subversion of their Fair of *Bartholmew*,
The absence of the Terms and Court!

Thw. You shall (if my projections thrive) in less
(Sir) than a year, stable your horses in
The *New Exchange*, and graze them in the *Old*.

Enter *To. Pallatine*, *Meager*, *Queasie*, *Snore*,
Mist. Snore.

Pert. Jog off, there's *Pall*, treating for your liberty.

To. Pall. The Canopy, the Hangings, and the Bed,
Are worth more than your Rent! come, y're overpaid
Besides, the Gentleman's betray'd, he is no Bawd!

Snor

Snor. Truely, a very civil Gentleman !
'Las, he hath only roar'd, and sworn, and curs'd
Since he was rane : no bawdry lle assur ye !

Mift. Snor. Gossip *Queasie*, what a good'yer would
ye have ?

Quea. I am content if you and I were friends :

To. Pall. Come, come, agree ! 'tis I that ever bleed,
And suffer in your wars !

Mift. Snore. Sweet Master *Pallatine*, hear me but speak !
Have I not often said, Why neighbour *Queasie*,
Come to my house ; besides, your Daughter *Mall*,
You know last Pompeon time, din'd with me thrice,
When my child's best yellow stockings were missing ;
And a new Pewter Porringer mark'd with *P. L.*

Snor. I for *Elizabeth Snore* !

Mift. Snor. The Pewterer that mark'd it was my *Un-Que*. Why, did my Daughter steal your goods ? (cle.

Mift. Snor. You hear me say nothing, but there is
As bad as this (I warrant ye) learn't at
The Bakehouse I'le have an Oven o mine own shortly.

To. Pal. Come no more words ! there's to reconcile you,
In Burnt Wine, and Cake ; Go, get you all in :
I'm full of busines, and strange Miftery.

Exeunt Snore, Mift. Snore, Queasie.

Meag. A hundred *Pall*, twas all his store, it lies
Here my brave boy, warm and secure in Pouch.

Pert. Wee'l shar't anon.—What need you blush Sir
Like a Maid newly undone in a dark (*Morglay*,
Entrie ? There are disafuers sure, as bad
As yours recorded in the Citie Annals.

Thw. Your Brother is a Gentleman of a
Most even, and blessed composition, Sir ;
His very blood, is made of *Holy Water*,
Less salt, than *Almond-milk*.

To. Pal. My silly reprehension's were despis'd ;
Y'would be his Disciple, and follow him,
In a new Path, unknown to his own feet. Yte

Yet I've walk'd in it since ; and prosper'd as
You see, without or Land, or Tenement.

Thw. 'Tis possible to live b'our Wits ! that is
As evident as light, no humane learning
Shall advise me from that Faith !

Yo. Pal. Sir Knight, what will you give worthy my
And me, if after a concealment of (brain
Your present shame, I can advise you, how,
T'achieve such store of wealth, and treasure, as
Shall keep you here, th'exemplar glory of
The Town, a long whole year without relief
Or charge, from your own Rents. This (I take it)
Was the whole Pride, at which, some few days since,
Your fancie aim'd !

Thw. This was Sir in the hours
Of haughtiness and hope ! but now —

To. Pal. Ile do't : whilst my poor Brother too, low, and
Declin'd, shall see, and envie it.

Thwack. Live in full port, observ'd, and wondred at ?
Wine, ever flowing in large *Saxon Romekins*
About my board ; with your soft sarsnet smock
At night, and forreign Musick to entranse ?

To. Pal. All this, and more than thy invention can
Invite thee too.

Thw. Ile make thee heir of my
Estate ! take my right hand, and your two friends
For witnesses. *Yo. Pal.* Enough, hear me with haste !
The Lady *Ample*'s dead ; Nay, there are things
Have chanc'd since your concealment far more fit
For wonder Sir, than this : Out of a silly piety,
T'avoid a thirst of Gold, and gawdy Pride
I'th world ; sh'ath buried with her in a Chest,
Her Jewels, and her Clothes, besides, as I'm
Enform'd by *Luce* (my wise Intelligence)
Five thousand pounds in Gold, a Legacie,
Left by her Aunt more then her Guardian knew !

Thwack.

Thwack. Well, what of this ?

Yo. Pal. Your self, and I, joyn'd Sir in a most firm
And loyal League, may rob this Chest :

Thwack. Marrie, and will.

Yo. Pal. Then when your promise is but ratifi'd,
Take all the treasure for your own expence !

Thw. Come let us go ; my fingers burn till they
Are telling it : The night will grow upon's :
Only you and I, Ile not trust new Faces :

Dismiss these Gentlemen. *Yo. Pal.* At the next street
- Sir !

Thw. This is at least a girt of Fortune, if
Not a fair smile. I'm still for my old Problem ;
Since the living rob me, Ile rob the dead.

Yo. Pal. On my delicious *Pert* : Now is the time
To make our Purses swell, and Spirits climbe.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT. 5. SCEN. I.

Enter *Yo. Pallatine, Ample, Luce, Engine*, with a
Torch.

Yo. Pal. Engine, draw out the Chest, and ope the Wic-
Let us not hinder him the ayre, since 'tis (ket !
Become his food ! *Eld. Pal.* Who's there ? what are
you, speak !

Ampl. A brace of mourning Virgins Sir, that had
You dy'd in Love, and in your Wits, would now
Have brought Roses, and Lillies, Buds of the Brier,
And Summer Pinks to strew upon your Herse.

Eld. Pal. Then you resolve me dead !

Luce. 'Twere good that you would so resolve your
self :

Yo. Pal. She counsels you to wise and severe thoughts ;
Why, you are no more mortify'd, then Men

That

That are about to dance the Morrice!

Eld. Pal. Ladies and Brother too (whom I begin
To worship now, for tenderness of heart)
Can you believe, I am so leaden, stupid,
And so very a Fish, to think you dare
Thus murther me in bravery of Mirth,
You have gone far : part of my suff'rance I
Confess a Justice to me !

Amp. O, do you so !

Hath your heart, and brain met upon that point ;
And render'd you silly to your own thoughts !

Eld. Pal. Somewhat mistaken i'th projection of
My journey hither ! Three hours in a Chest
Among the dead ; will profit more than three
Years in a Study ; 'Mongst Fathers, Schoolmen,
And Phylosophers !

To. Pal. And y're persuadèd now, that there is
relative

To'th maintaining of a poor younger Brother,
Something beside his Wits ?

Eld. Pal. 'Tis so conceiv'd !

Amp. And that we Ladies of the Town, or Court,
Have not such waxen hearts, that ev'ry beam
From a hot Lovers Eie, can melt them through
Our Breasts ?

Eld. Pal. Faith, 'tis imagin'd too !

Luce That though th'unruly Appetites of some
Perverted few of our fraile Sex, have made
Them yield their honours to unlawful love ;
Yet there is no such want of you Male-sinners
As should constrain them hyre you to't with Gold ?

Eld. Pall. Y'have taught me a new Mufick, I am all
Consent, and concordance !

Engin. And that the nimble packing hand, the swift
Disordered shuffle, or the slur, or his
More base imployement, that with youth, and an

Eternal

Eternal back, engenders for his bread ;
Doe all belong to Men, that may be said
To live Sir, by their Sinns, not by their Witts ?

Eld. Pal. Sir, whom I love not, nor desire to love,
I am of your minde too !

To: Pal. Madam, a faire conversion, 'tis now fit
I sue unto you, for his liberty !

Ampl. Alas, he hath so profited in this
Retirement, that I feare he will not willingly
Come out !

Eld. Pal. O Lady, doubt it not ! Open the Chest

Amp. A little patience Sir ! *Enter Ginet.*

Ginet. Madam, we are undone, your Guardian is
At dore, knocking as if he meant to wake
All his dead Neighbours in the Church !

Ampl. So soon return'd ! it is not midnight yet !

Engin. I know the bayt that tempts him back with such
Strange hast ; and have according to your will
Provided (Madam) to betray his hopes !

Ample. Excellent Engine !

Eng. This Key convays you through the Chancel to
The house Gall'ry ! My way lies here ; Ile let
Him in, and try how our design will relish ! *- Exit Engine.*

Amp. Come sir it is decreed in our wise Counsell,
You must be laid some distance from this place !

Eld. Pal. Pray save your labour (Madam) I'le come
forth !

Amp. No sir, not yet !

Eld. Pal. Brother, a cast of your voyce !

To: Pal. She hath the Key Brother ! 'tis but an howres
Darke contemplation more !

Eld. Pal. Madam here me speak.

Amp. Nay no beginning of orations now,
This is a time of great dispatch, and hast ;
We have more plots then a General in a siegel ! *- Ex. car-*
rying out the Chest.

Enter.

Enter Thrift, Engine,

Engine. None of the Writings Sir, and yet perplex
Your self, with so much speed in a return !

Thrift. The Lawyer was from home, but Engine, I
Had hope to have prevented by my hast,
Though not her Fun'ral, yet the Fun'ral of
The Chest; Ah dear Engine; tell me but why
So much pure innocent Treasure, should be
Thus thrown into a dark forgetfulness !

Engine. I thought I had encountered his intents !
All Sir, that Law, allow'd her bounty to
Bestow, is yours; but for the Chest, trust me,
'Tis buried Sir, the Key is here Sir, of no use !

Thrift. Hah, Engine ! Give it me !

Eng. And Sir, to vex your mediation more,
Though not with Manners, yet with truth, know there
Is hidden in that Chest a plenteous heap
Of Gold, together with a Rope of most
Inestimable Pearl, left by her late

Dead Aunt by will, and kept from your discovery !

Thrift. Is this true, Engine ?

Engin. That precise Chit Luce, her couzen Puritan
Was at th'interring oft, conceal'd it till
The Fun'ral forms were past; and then forsooth,
Shee boasted that it was a pious Means,
To avoyd covetous desires i'th world !

Thrift. These Fun'ral tales (Engine) are sad indeed;
Able to melt an Eye, though harder than
That heart, which did consent to so much cruelty
Upon the harmless Treasure !

Engin. I mourn within Sir too !

Thrift. Give me the Key, that leads me from my
house,
Unto the Chauncel doore !

Engin. Tis very late Sir, whither will you goe ?

Thrift. Never too late to pray; My heart is heaviest

Engin. Where shall I wait you Sir ?

Thrift.

Thrif. At my low Gall'ry door, I may chance stay long.

Engine. This takes me more than all the kindness
Ever shew dme : a decent transmutation : (Fortune.
I am no more your Steward, but your Spie. Exeunt.

Enter To. Pallatine, Pert, Meager, Snore, and Watchmen.

To. Pal. There, there's more Mony for your Watch ;
me thinks.

Th'ave not drunk Wine enough, they do not chirp

Snore. Your Wine mates them, they understand it not.
But they have very good capacity in Ale ;
Ale Sir, will heat 'em more than your Beef Brewis !

To. Pal. Well, let them have Ale then.

Snor. O Sir, 'twill make 'em sing like the *Silk-knitters*
of *Cock-lane* !

To. Pal. Meager, go you to Sir *Tirant Thrift's* house,
Lucc, and the Lady are alone, they will
Have cause to use your diligence, make haste !

Meag. Your dog, ty'd to a Bottle, shall not out-run
me ! *Exit.*

To. Pal. Pert, stay you here with Master Constable ;
And when occasion calls, see that you draw
Your lusty Bill-men forth ; bravely advanc'd
Under the Colours of Queen *Ample* and
My self, her General !

Pert. If Ale can fortifie, fear not ! where's Sir *Morglay* ?

To. Pal. I'm now, to meet him i' th' Church-yard, the
old *Blade* ! *Exit.* *Pert.* I walk there like a tame filcher, as he had
Stolen 'bove Eggs from Market-women ;
Stopp'd an Oreyard, or a Cheese lost !

Snor. Wee'l wait your worship in this corner.

To. Pal. No stirring, till I either come, or send.

Snor. Pray Sir let's not stay long, 'tis a cold night ;
And I have nothing on my Bed at home,
But a thin Coverlet, and my Wives Sey Petticoate :

Shee'l neer sleep (poor soul) till I come home,
To keep her warm !

To: Pal. You shall be sent for strait !
Be merry my dul Sons o'th Night, and Chirpe ! *Exit.*

Snor. Come neighbour *Ranlet* ! sighing pays no Rent
Though the Land-Lady be in love ! Sing out —

They sing a Catch in four Parts.

With Lanthorne on Stall ; at Treap we play,
For Ale Cheese and Pudding, till it be day,
And for our Breakfast (after long fitting)
Wee steale a Street Pig, o'th Constables getting.

Enter Engine.

Engin. Sir, draw down your Watch into the Churh
And let 'um lie hid close by the Vestrie dore !

Pert. Is he there already ?

Engin. Fat Carriers Sir, make not more hast to bed,
Nor lean Phylosophers to rise ; I've so
Prepar'd things, that hee'l find himselfe mistaken !

Pert. Close by the Vestrie dore !

Eng. Right sir, by vestry dore, and expect th'event of your surprise !

Pert. Follow Master Constable, one, and one :
All in a File ! — *Exeunt.*

Enter Thrift, with a Candle.

Thrift. I cannot find where they have layd before
Coffin ! But there's the Chest : Ile draw it out, that I
May have more room, to search, and rife it ! —
The weight seems easie to me, though my strength
Be old ; how long, thou bright all powerful mineral,
Might'it thou lie hid, ere the dul dead, that are
Entomb'd about shee here, could reach the Sense,
To turn wise Thieves, and steal thee from oblivion !

(opens it.)

Ho

How! a Halter! what Fiend affronts me with
This Emblem! Is this the Rope of Orient Pearl? and finds a halter

Enter Pert, Snore, Watchmen.

Pert. Now I have told you Master Constable,

The intire plot; marke but, how like that Cheif,

Is to the other, where the *Elder Pallatine*

Lies a Perdu;

Engine contriv'd them both!

(Watch?

Thrift. Hah! what are these, the Constable and

Pert. Ceaze on him for no les than sacriledge!

Thrift. Why neighbors, Gentlemen!

Pert. Away with him.

(Cover

Snor. We shall know now, who stole the Wanscot
From the Font, and the Vicar's Surpliss!

Pert. Alas grave Sir, become a forfeiture
To'th King, for sacriledge!

Thrift. Hearre me but speak!

Snor. No not in a cause against the King!

Pert. Lead to'sown house! he shall be Pris'ner there
And lock'd up safe enough.

Thrift. Undone for ever! — — — Exeunt;

Enter Yo: Pallat: Thwack with an Iron Crow,

and dark Lanthorn.

Thw. Why this was such a firke of Piety,
nere heard of: Bury her Gold with her?
tis strange her old shoos were not interr'd too;
d before feare the days of Edgar should return,
on When they coyn'd Leather.

Yo: Pal. Come Sir, lay down your Instrument!

Thw. Why so?

Yo: Pal. I'm so taken with thy free jolly Nature,
cannot for my heart proceed to more
Defeat upon thy liberty: all that
told thee were ranke lies!

Thw. How! no treasure trovar!

To. Pal. Not so much as will pay for that small Candle
We waste to finde it out ! — *Flings down the Crown of Iron.*

Yo. Pal. You shall have cause, when you hear more
Dark region Sir, solemn, and silent, as (to this
Your thoughts must be, ere they are mortify'd.
Have I now brought you, to perceive what an
Immense large A is (under your favour Knight)
You are to be seduc'd, to such vain stratagems
By that more profound Foppe, your Friend, my Brother

Thw. How had I been serv'd, if I'd ad brought my scales
Hither, to weigh this Gold? but on ! your brother,
Whose name (let me tell you first) sounds far worse
To me then does a Sergeant to a young
Indebted Lover, that's arrested in his Coach,
And with his Mistris by him.

To. Pall. You are believ'd : but will you now confirm
Me to your gracie and love, if I shall make't
Appear, that in a kind revengen of what
You suffred Sir, I've made this false, and great
Seducer of mankind to suffer more.

Thw. The Legend, Talmud, nor the Alcharon,
Have not such doubtful tales as these ; but make't
Appear, I would have evidence.

To. Pal. Then take it on my Religion Sir, he was
Laid up in durance for a Bawd before he was a Bawd
He betray'd you to the same p'refement.

Thw. Shall this be justify'd, when my disgrace
Comes to be known; wilt thou then witnes it?

To. Pal. With a deep Oath : And Sir, to tempt me
Your favours on poor me, that ever mournd
For all your sufferings ; know you shall now
See him inclos'd in a blind Chest, where hee
Lies bath'd Sir, in a greater sweat than ere
Cornelius took in his own Tub.

Thw. Here amongst Sepulchers, and melancholly bones;
Let me but see't; and I will die for joy,
To make thee instantly my heir.

To. Pall. You shall; and yet ere the Sun rise, find him
Enthrall'd too in a new distress.

Thwack. Do'st want money? bring me to Patch-
ment and

A Scriv'ner, Ile seal out two pound of Wax. —*To. Pal.*

To. Pal. You Sir, my neer'st Ally, are you
asleep? *Knocks at the Chest.*

Eld. Pal. O Brother, art thou come! quick, let me forth.

To. Pal. Here is a certain friend of yours presents
His loving visit Sir! —*Opens the Wicket.*

Eld. Pal. Sir *Morglay Thwack?*
I had rather have seen my sister naked.

Thwack. What, like a bashful Badger do you draw
Your head into your hole agen? Come Sir,
Out with that sage Noddle, that has contriv'd
So cunningly for me, and your dear self.

Eld. Pal. Here take my Eie-lids Knight, and sow 'em up,
dare not see thy face! *Thwack.* But what think you
Of a new Journey from the North, to live
Here by your Wits; or midnight visits Sir,
To the *Moguls* Neece. *Eld. Pall.* I have offended

Knight: *Whip me with wire, headed with Rowels of
sharp Rippon Spurs!* Ile endure any thing
rather than thee.

Thwack. We have (I thanke your bounteous
brain)

entertain'd with various consorts, Sir,
Whispring Lutes, to sooth us into Slumbers,
Wings of Clare to bathe our Temples in,
And then the wholesome womb of woman too,
But never teem'd all this for nothing 'ir.

To. Pal. Come Ile let him forth.

Thw. Rogue if thou lov'st me ?
 Nay let him be confin'd thus, one short moneth !
 Ile send him down to Country Fairs for a
 New motion made, b'a Germane Ingeneer !

Yo: Pal. 'Las he is my Brother.

Thw. Or for a solitary Ape,
 Lead captive thus by th'Hollander, because
 He came aloft for Spain, and would not for the States !

Yo: Pal. Sir *Morglay* leave your Lanthorn here, and
 My coming at yon dore, Ile let him out ! (stay
 But for the new distrefs, I promis'd on
 His person, take it on my manhood sir,
 He feels it strait !

Thw. Finely ensnar'd agen, and instantly !

Yo: Pal. Have a good faith and goe ! *Exit. Thw.*

Eld. Pal. Dear Brother, wilt thou give me liberty !

Yo: Pal. Upon condition sir, you kis these Hiltz,
 Swear not to follow me, but here remain
 Until the Lady *Ample* shall consent,
 To'th freedom I bestow ! — *He kisses the Hiltz.*

Eld. Pall. Tis done ! a vow inviolate !

He opens the Chest and lets him out.

Yo. Pall. Now silence Brother ! not one curse, nor Hee
 thanks — *Exit. Yo: Pal.*

Eld. Pal. Fate, and a good Star speed me ! thought
 I have

Long since amaz'd my self e'ne to a Marble,
 Yet I have courage left, to ask, what this
 Might mean ? Was ever Two-legg'd Man thus us'd ?

Enter Pert, Snore, & Watchmen.

Pert. Pall. and his friend are gone, I must not stir for af
 His sight ; but after you have ceaz'd upon him
 Lead him a Prisoner to the Lady too. — *Exit Pert.*

Sno. Warrant ye, though he were *Gog*, or *Heldebrand* Or Ile

they lay hold on him *Luc.*

Eld. Pal. How now ? What mean you Sirs ?

Snore. Yield to the Constable.
Eld Pal. 'Tis yielded sir, that you are Constable!
But where have I offended?

Snore. Heer Sir, you have committed Sacrilege,
And robb'd an Aldermans Tombe, of himself,
And his Two Sons kneeling in Bras!

Eld. Pal. How, Flea Monuments of their Brazen
skinns?

Snore. Look, a Darke Lanthorn, and an Iron Crow;
Fine evidence for a Iurie! —

Eld Pal. I like this plott! The Lady *Ample* and
My Brother, have molt rare triumphant Witts;
Now by this hand, I am most eagerly
In love with both; I find I have deserv'd all;
And am resolv'd t'hugge them, and their designs;
Though they afflict me more, and more! Whether
must I goe?

Snore. Away with him! Saucie fellow! examine
The Kings Constable —

Exeunt.

Enter *Young Pallatine*, *Tbwack*, *Ample*, *Luce*,
Meager.

Meager. I am becme your Guardians Jaylor, Lady;
Hee's safe lock'd in the Parlor, and there howles
Like a Dogg that sees a Witch flying!

Tbwack, I long to heare how my wife Tutor thrives
I'th new defeat!

Amp. 'Tis well you are converted!

Beleev't that Gentleman deserves your thanks.

Tbwack, Lady seal my conversion on your Lipp;
Tis the first leading Kifs, that I intend
for after chaſtitie!

kisses her.

To. Pal. *Luce*, see you make the proposition good
Which I shall give my Brother from this Lady,
Or Ile so swaddle your small Bones.

Luce. Sweet *Pall*, thou shalt. Madam; you'l please to
stand.

To what I lately mention'd to your own desire ?

Amp. To ev'ry Particle and more. — *Enter Pert.*

Pert. Your Brother's come ; this room must be his
prifon.

To. Pal. Way Luce, away : stand in the Closet Ma-
That you may hear us both, and reach my call. (dame
Thwack. Ile stay, and see him.

To. Pal. No Knight, you are decreed Sir *Tirants* Judge
Go that way Sir, and force him to compound.

Thw. Ile fine him soundly,
Till's Purse shrink like a Bladder in the fire.—*Exit*
(*Amp, Luc, Thw, Meag, Pert.*

Ester Snore, Elder Pallatne.

Snor. Here Sir, this is your Jayle, too good for such
A great Offender.

Eld. Pal. Sacriledge ! very well.
Now all the Pulpit-Cushions, all the Hearfe-clothes,
And winding sheets that have been stoln about
The Town this year, will be laid to my charge.

To. Pal. Pray leave us Master Constable, and look
Unto your other Bondman in the Parlor — *Exit Snore.*

Eld. Pal. This is the wittiest off-Spring that our
Ere had, I love him beyond hope or lust, (name
My Father was no Roet sure, I wonder
How he got him ?

To. Pal. I know you curse me now.
Eld. Pal. Brother, introth you lie, and who ere be-
lieves it.

To. Pal. Indeed you doe ; Conjurers in a Circle,
That have rais'd up a wrong spirit, curse not
So much, nor yet so inwardly.

Eld. Pal. I've a great mind to kissthe.
To. Pal. You have not sure ?

Eld. Pal. I shall doo't, and eat up thy lips so far,
Till th'ast nothing left to cover thy teeth.

To. Pal.

To. Pal. And can you think all the afflictions you
Endur'd, were merited; first, for misleading
Morglay, your old friend; then, neglect of me
And haughty over-valuing your self?

Eld. Pal. Brother, I murmur not, the Traps that
you
Have laid, were so ingenious, I could wish
To fall in them again.

Yo. Pal. The Lady *Ample* Sir,
There is the great contriver that hath weav'd
These knots so intricate and safe: 'Las, I
Was but her lowly Instrument.

Eld. Pal. Ah that Lady! were I a King, she should
Sit with me under my best Canopie,
A Silver Scepter in her hand; with which,
I'd give her leave to break my head for ev'ry fault
I did commit.

Yo. Pal. But say, I bring this Lady Sir, unto
Your lawful sheets, make her your bosome wife:
Besides, the pleaty of her heritage,
How would it sound, that you had conquer'd her
Who hath so often conquer'd you?

Eld. Pal. Dear Brother, no new plots:

Yo. Pal. Six thousand pounds Sir is your yearly Rent;
A fair temptation to a discreet Lady:

Luce, hath fill'd both mine Ears with hope; besides,
heard her say, she nere should meet a man,
that she could more subdue with Wit and Govern-

Eld. Pal. That Ile venture. (ment.

To. Pal. Well my first bounty is your freedom Sir,
For th'Constable obeys no Law, but mine.

And now, Madam, appear! *Enter Ample, Luce,*

Amp. Y'are welcome 'mongst the living, Sir;

Eld. Pal. Lady, no words; if y'ave but so much

Mercy

as could secure one that your Eyes affect.

Amp.

Amp. Why, you're grown arrogant agen: d'you think

They are so weak, to affect you?

Eld. Pall. I have a heart so kind unto my self,
To wish they could; O we should live.

Amp. Not by our Wits.

Eld. Pall. No no! but with such soft content; still in Conspiracie, how to betray our selves To new delights keep, harmonie with no More noyse, than what the upper motions make; And this so constant too, *Turtles* themselves, Seeing our faith, shall slight their own, and pine With jealousie.

Ampl. Luce, The youth talkes sence now, no Medicine for

The brain, like to captivity in a dark Chest.

To: Pall. O Madam, you are cruel!

Amp. Well my sad Convertite: joy yet at this: I've often made a vow, to marry on That very day my Wardship is expir'd: And two hours since, that liberty begun.

Luce. Nay, heare her out! your wishes are so sawcie Sir.

Amp. And know, my glory is dispatch. My Ancestors Were of the fierie *French*, and taught me love, Hot eagerness, and haste!

Eld. Pall. Let me be rude A while; lye with your judgementt, and beget Sages on that! My dearest, chiefest Lady —

Ampl. Your brains yet fowle, and will recycl agen

Eld. Pall. No more: Ile swallow down my Tongue

Amp. If Sir your nature be so excellent, As your kind Brother hath confirm'd to *Luce*, And mee; follow, and Ile present you straight With certain writings you shall seal to, hoodwinck'd, And purely ignorant of what they are?

This is the swiftest and the easiest test,
That I can make of your bold love; doe this,
Perhaps, I may vouchsafe to marrie you.
The writings are within.

Eld. Pal. Lead me to tryal, come!

Amp. But Sir, if I should marry you; it is
In confidence, I have the better Wit;
And can subdue you still to quietness,
Meek sufferings, and patient awe.

Eld. Pal. You rap me still anew.

To: Pall. In *Luce*, our hopes grow strong and Gi-
antly! Exeunt.

Enter *Thrift, Snore, Mist. Snore, Queasie, Ginet.*

Ginet. To him Mistriss *Snore*; 'tis he has kept
Your Husband from his Bed so long, to watch
Him for a Church Robberie!

Mist. Snor. Ah, thou *Judas*! I thought what
thou'lt come to!

Remember the Warrant thou sent'lt for mee
Into *Duck-lane*, 'cause I call'd thy Mayd *Trot*!

When I was faint invite thy Clerke to a heart!
Fee Pye, sent me b'a Temple Cook, my Sisters Sweet-

Quea. Nay, and remember who was brought to bed
Under thy Coach-house wall; when thou denid'st
A wad of straw, and wouldst not joyn thy half-penny
To send for Milke, for the poor Chrisome!

Snor. Now you may sweeten me with Sugar-loaves
At New-years-tide, as I have you Sir,

Enter *Thwack, Pert, Meager, Engine.*

Thw. Wee'l teach you to rob Churches! S'light,
hereafter

We of the Pious shall be afryad to goe
To a long Exercise, for fear our Pockets should
Be pick'd! Come Sir, you see already how
The neighbours throng to find you; will you consent?
Tis but a thousand pounds a piece to these.

Two

Two Gentlemen ; and five hundred more t' Engine.
Your crime is then conceal'd, and your self free.

Meag. No, he may chuse, hee'l trust to th' kind
hearted Law.

Pert. Let him, and to Dame Justice too, who thought
Her Ladiship be blind, will grope hard Sir,
To find your Money Bags.

Engine. Sir you are rich, besides you know what you
Have got by your Wards death, I fear you will
Be begg'd at Court unless you come off thus.

Thrift. There is my Closet-Key, do what you please.

Engine. Gentlemen, lle lead you to it, follow me.

Tbw. D'y use to find such sums as these beneath
An Oak, after a long March ; I think sure,
The wars are not so plentiful. *Pert.* We think so too.

Tbw. Y'had better trail a Bodkin, Gentlemen,
Under the Lady *Ample*, than a Pike
Under a *German* General.

Pert. Wee'l in for th'mony Sir, and talk anon.

Ex. Eng. *Pert.* *Meag.*
Enter Eld. Pallat. Yo. Pallat. *Ample.* *Luce.*

Yo. Pal. Sir Tirant *Thrift*, here is your Ward come
The dead, t'indite you for a Robbery. (from Eld.)

Upon her Ghost *Thrift.* Hah ! Is she alive too

Luce. Yes, and her Wardship out, before y'have mo
proffer'd her

A Husband Sir, so the best benefit
Of all your Guardianship is lost.

Ampl. In seven long years you could not Sir pro-
A man deform'd enough, to offer me (vide Yo.)
For your own ends.

Thrift. Couzen'd of wealth, of fame ! Dog Engine ! You
Exit. *Thrift.* Ev'ry

Tbw. We must have you enclos'd agen : y'are very
Forward with the Lady. *Eld. Pal.* I will be Sir, shall
Untill she groan! this Priest stays somewhat long.

Tbw. Then

Thw. How's this? troth I shall forgive thee then heartily.

kind Amp. I've t'ane him i'th behalf of health to chide
And jeer for recreation sake, 'twill keep
ough Me Sir, in breath, now I am past growing.

Eld. Pal. Hearn Knight! here's relish for your ears: I
None of your dull Country Madams, that spend (chose
you) Their time in studying Receipts, to make
March-Pane, and preserve Plums; that talk
Of painful Childbirths, Servants wages, and
ease. their husbands good Complexion, and his Leg!

Thwack. New wonders yet!

Eld. Pal. What was that (Mistris) which I seal'd to,
hood-wink'd?

too. A simple trial of my confidence and love.

Amp. Your Brother has it, 'tis a gift to him
Of one fair Manner, 'mongst those many that you
Have in Possession Sir; and in this Bond,
Yare witness to three thousand pounds I give to *Luce*!

Luce. Yes, Sir, for *Pall* and I must marry too.

Yo:Pal. I were an Ev'nuch else, and the world should
know't.

Eld. Pal. Thou couldst not have betray'd me to a
bounty

have more love. Brother, Give thee joy! — *Thw.* takes *Yo:Thw.* You are the cause of all these Miracles: (*Pal* aside
Therefore I desire you to be my heir;

By this good day you must; for I've t'ane order,
pro-Though I love your Wit, you shall not live by it;
vide *Yo. Pal.* My kind thanks Sir, the poor mans gratitude.

Mist: Snor. Give you joy sweet Master *Pallatine* and
our Brother too. *Que:* And send you more such wives,
brif- Ev'ry year as many as shall please heaven.

very Snor: 'Tis day; Ile not to bed Sir now: my watch
ir, Shall be drunk, at your worships wedding.

To:Pal: They shall, and there is Gold enough to keep
Thw Them so, until thy reign be out. — *Enter*

Enter Pert, Meager, Engine, with Money Bags.

Pert. Loaden with composition Pall—

Meag. :Tis for your sake wee grone under these burdens—

To. Pall. The Offal of Sir Tirants Trunks ! Brother, Pray know these Gentlemen, they owe you more Money than they mean to pay now.

Eld. Pal. I remember 'um : But no words my Cavaliers,

And you are safe. Where shall we dine to day ?

To. Pall. At Lucy's Aunts, weel'l make her costive Beldamship

Come off ; when she beholds a goodly joynture, And our faire hopes.

Eld. Pal. First, to the Church. Lady, Ile make your skittish person sure Some of Your pleasant Arts upon me, may become A wise Example, and a Moral too ; Such as their haughty fancie well befits, That undertake to live here by their Wits. Ex. omnes

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

THe office of an Epilogue, is now
To smooth and stroke the wrinkles from each brow,
To guide severer judgements (if we could
Be wise enough) untill they thought all good,
Which they perhaps dislike ; And sure this were
An over-boldness, rais'd from too much Feare.
You have a Freedom, which we hope you'l use,
To advance our youthful Poet, and his Muse
With a kind doom ; and heel tread boldly then.
In's best new Comick Socks, this Stage agen.

THE
PLATONICK
LOVERS.

A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

Presented at the Private House

I N

Black-fryers,

By His Majesties Servants.

The AUTHOR,
Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT, Kt.



LONDON,
Printed for *Gabriel Bedel*, and *T. Collins*, and are to
be sold at their Shop at the Middle Temple-
gate in Fleetstreet, 1665.

THE
PLATONIC
POV. ERAS

PLATONIC
POV. ERAS

Illustration of the Platonic Forms

IN

BLASKE-TRIGLS

By His Holiness Serafim

AS A MIRROR
OF WISDOM, VIRTUE, &
KNOWLEDGE.



SECOND

BY HIS HOLINESS SERAFIM, T. C. WILLIS, AND R. COOKE
PUBLISHED FOR THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL
IN ENGLAND, 1652.

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TO THE
MOST NOBLE,

Mr. HENRY JERMYN.

SIR,

Have boldly fix'd your Name here, to shew the World, where I have setled my estimation and service; and expect should adde much to my judgement, that I have made excellent a choice. When you have leisure, and can a little neglect your time, be pleas'd become my first Reader. If shall gain your liking, the se-

G

vere

vere Rulers of the Stage will
be much mended in opinion :
and then it may be justly ac-
knowledg'd, you have recov-
er'd all the declining Fame, be-
longing to

Your unfortunate

Servant,

WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

D

PROLOGUE.

Tis worth my smiles, to think what inforc'd ways,
 And shifts each Poet bath to help his Playes.
 Ours now believes, the Title needs must cause
 From the indulgent Court, a kind applause,
 Since there he learmt it first, and had command
 T'interpret what he scarce doth understand.
 And then (forsooth) he saies, because 'tis now
 'Twill take, and be admir'd too, by a few:
 But all these easie hopes, I'de like t' have marr'd,
 Wish witnessing his Title was so hard,
 'Bove half our City audience would be lost,
 That knew not how to spell it on the the Post.
 Nay, he was told, some Criticks lately spent
 Their Learning to find out, it nothing meant:
 They will expect but little (he replies)
 From that which wrought or little signifies.
 Well, I (your Servant) who have labour'd here
 In Buskins, and in Socks, this thirty year,
 I' th truth of my experience, could not chuse
 But say, these shifts would not secure his Muse:
 Then straights presented to his willing fear,
 How you are grown of late, harsh, and severe.
 (Excuse me that I'm bold to speak my mind
 I' th dark, of what so publikely I find.)
 But this hath made him mourn; I've left him now
 With's limber Hat, o'reshadowing his Brow,
 His Cloak cast thus—to binder from his ear,
 The scorns and censures he may shortly hear:
 Such as shall reach, despair, lead him the way,
 Unto a Grove of Cypress, not of Bay.

The Persons of the Play.

<i>Theander,</i>	A young Duke, lately a General.
<i>Phylomont,</i>	A young Duke that borders by him
<i>Sciolto,</i>	An old Lord, friend to <i>Theander</i> .
<i>Fredeline,</i>	Creature to <i>Theander</i> .
<i>Castraganio,</i>	Creature to <i>Fredeline</i> .
<i>Gridonel,</i>	A young Souldier Son to <i>Sciolto</i> .
<i>Buonateste,</i>	A generous Artist.
<i>Arnoldo,</i>	Attendants on <i>Theander</i> .
<i>Faspero,</i>	M ^{ris} to <i>Theander</i> , sister to <i>Phylomont</i> To a
<i>Euritheia,</i>	M ^{ris} to <i>Phylomont</i> , sister to <i>Theander</i> Be h
<i>Ariola,</i>	Woman to <i>Euritheia</i> , sister to <i>Ca</i> Sc
<i>Amadine,</i>	<i>straganio.</i> From
<i>Attendants, &c.</i>	

The Scene, Sicilie.



THE

PLATONICK
LOVER S.

ACT I. SCEN. I.

Enter *Sciolto, Arnaldo, Jaspéro, Attendants.*

Sciolto:

WHAT HOE? *Arnaldo, Jaspéro?* Dispatch,
Dispatch? You move like great fat Burg-
ers that
Had newly din'd, Cripes would stir more
nimblly

To a whipping? Are all things prepar'd?

Arn. My Lord, there's time enough, the Duke will
Be here till night. (not

Sciol. From whence pray that Intelligence,
From the *Gazet*, brought hither by a Mule from *Paris*.
Arnol. Your Lordship receives yours (Sir
(I think) in a little Letter ty'd to a Tartarian arrow.

Jasp. Or 'bout the neck of a *Barbary Pigeon*,
We know hee'l not be here till night.

Sciol. You know? your knowledge (Sir) will scarce
A Clerk, to dine upon the ear of a (prefer
yth Pigg: death! my good serving-gentleman,
Did not I leave him a League off, and with
Him too, Duke *Phylomont*, their train enough

To famish our whole Sicily, were not
Nature bounteous to us in our good Corn?

Arnol. Hath sprightly *Phylomen* encounter'd with
Our Duke *Theander* by the way too?

Sciolt. Light! Your businſ is to ask questions Sir?
A Court examiner? are all provisions made
Of Furniture and meat? *Jasp.* All, all, my Lord.

Sciolt. The inner rooms new hung, and th' garden
Gallery

Adorn'd with *Titians* pictures, and those frames
Of *Tintares*, last brought from *Rome*?

Arn. Yes Sir, and Tables spread with Napery finer
than
Poppeas smock, the Cupboards crack with studded Plate
And Chrystal vials thick enough t'endure
A fall, or hammer, Sir. *Jasp.* Our Kitchens smoke so,
That the fat steam blown or'e a Town besieг'd,
Would cure the Famine in't?

Arnol. The Cellars too so fill'd that they would make
A Danish army drunk.

Sciolt. *Arnoldo?* Rogue? with good pure Muskaden
Of *Creet*, I'm old, and must be nourish'd with
My morning Sop, like Matrons that want teeth.

Arnol. Your Lordship shall not fail to have it spic'd.

Jas. And when 'tis noon, your *Malamuck* Mellon of
An Amber scant, serv'd in a Grotto Sir,
To cool your Lordships wishes, not your blood;
For that we gues, hath not this many yeares
Been Feverish towards women.

Sciolt. A merry knave;
Go good boyes both: call all the Waiters, and
The Grooms, t'attend upon their several charge,
The Dukes will instantly arrive; our brave
Theander sent me for dispatch before,
To take command of the whole house, look too't;
I shall be bounteous, but severe.

Arn. My Lord, we love your government, and will make haste.

Exeunt Jaspero, Arnoldo

Enter Fredeline, Castraganio.

Fred. Walk our horses neer the Park gate untill A gen'ral care be given for all the Troop.

Within. I shall Sir.

Fred. My Lord *Sciolto*, your good Horseman-ship Hath put us to some trouble to o'retake you : Let me prefer this Gentleman unto Your knowledge, he will deserve them both.

Sciolto. I thank you for him Signior *Fredeline*, No friendship of your choice can deserve less : How is he call'd ?

Fred. Castraganio. 'Tis he, whom with your kindest consent

I would prefer to our Dukes chamber : and the Brother The witty *Amadine*, whom late I plac'd (to Chief woman to *Eurishea*, our grand Masters Mistris.

Sciolto. Signior give me your hand, I love not Courtship, but I will promise To befriend you, and perform it too.

Castr. Your Lordship hath just power ore my be-

Fred. He's lately posted from *Vienna* Sir, (lief And can present you with a Letter—*Castr.* gives *Sciolto* (a Letter.

Sciolto I hope from the noble Colonel my Sons Governor. *Castr.* His name Sir, is subscrib'd to it, And straight you will behold your Son, The scituatioun of this house hath but a while Imploy'd his eyes without.

Sciolto. *Fredeline*, the boy comes As I were Master o're my wish, 'tis now Full thirteen yeers since (first of tender growth) I sent him to the Camp, this Letter Sir, My better leisure shall survey. But pray, How is he bred ? My peevish humour gave

A strange direction to his Governour,
That he should never learn to Write nor Read,
Nor never see a Woman.

Castr. My Lord, you are obey'd in both: He is
A good Souldier, and by his Learning will
Sooner confute the Foe, than a Phylosopher.
As for Women, they're things he nere heard nam'd;
Nor can the Camp present him any, but
Course Sutlers Wives, creatures of so much durt,
That shovell'd well together, they will serve
To make a Trench ere they are dead, more fit
To heave the stomack, than to stir the blood.

Fred. I know'um perfectly. They wear no smocks
But cut out of an old cast Tent, and bind
Their hair in horses Girths in stead of Filleting.

Sciolt. Such I d're allow him.

Fred. Yet with the freedome of your Lordships
leave,

These are but homely Principles to give
For education of a Son and Heir!
Not Write, nor Read, nor see a Woman!

Sciolt. I will endure the hazard of a new
Experiment, and try how Nature will
Incline him; learning (I finde) doth make men
Sawcy with their Maker, and false unto
Themselves, and Women make us all fools.

Enter Gridonel.

Castrag. Here comes your Son.
Practise your reverence Sir, there stands your Fa-
ther.

Grid. Well, which is he? *Stands still gazing*

Castr. There Sir, with the gray beard *(about.*

Grid. A comely old fellow, by this hand Sir;
I am glad to see you with all my heart!

Sciolt. If you stand upon these points, Sir, I and you!

Castr. Go ask blessing.

Grid.

Grid. Does the old man look for't ?
Sciolt. Not I introth, for though the custom be
Devout enough, it shewes me thinkes too like a comple-
ment.

Grid. You are in the right sir, and I hate complement
as much as you.

Fred. My Lord, his Governor hath follow'd your
Directions to the shadow of a haire,
Hee's rarely bred to make a Favorite in the French
Court.

Sciolt. Goe pick your ears, good Signior, if you like
It not, 'tis musick unto mine ; but sonne,
How ere these manners are not much in use,
You can be dutifull ?

Grid. Sir I am taught, My Father is my officer, I
Perform my duties, and obey him ; besides,
I love you more then a good Sword.

Sciolt. Why, I thank you Sir ; there is no love lost.
Fred. For me, exc'lent courtship is just like the parley
'Twixt Mounster *Hobbynoll*, and *Collem Clovt*.

Grid. I pray a word ? I'm told I should expect
Certain duties from you too.

Sciolt. May't please you Sonne, I shall be glad to
learn.

Grid. You must allow me still new choise of Armour,
Brave Horse for service, and high pric'd Ginnets
To curvett i' th' streets, and rich cloathes.

Sciolt. Heaven forbid else.

Grid. Jewels and money too.

Sciolt. O Sonne I shall know my duty.

Grid. And when the time conspires with my necessi-
To call you to't, You must make haste and dye.

Fred. My Lord, how like you that ? This breedings

right ; Nor is it altogether new, or strange.

Sciolt. I'd rather ever find it on his tongue,

Than

Than once believe it in his heart: a rough boy;
 I must keep him still from sight of the Ladies,
 It will contynue him in's Innocence; hold Sir,
 This key will lead you through the Tarris that
 Orelouks the Orchard walke, and then you passe
 Into an Armory, spend there your time
 A while, and take your choyce I know the Duke
 That owns it, will make good my gift: Will you walk
 Sir? —

Grid. I pray Sir lead the way. —

Sciol. Nay, I beseech you Sir. —

Grid. I know 'tis fit, I give place to my Elders. —

Sciol. But I have busyness here, doe you think Son,
 I'd be so much uncivil else, as not to wait upon you? —

Grid. Well, take your course, I love to see good Ar-
 mor. *Exit.*

Sciol. If I can keep him from the Ladies, I
 Am happier than King Priam that had fifty Sons,
 But sure, not one like this. — *Flourish a far off.*

Fred. My Lord, this summons shew's the Dukes are
 come, Sir, stand you here, I'll find a time for your address. —

Leads Castraganio aside.

Enter Theander, Phylomont, Attendants.

Within. Make way there, hee I bear back, bear
 back!

Theander embraces and whispers Phylomont.

Fred. This is Theander Sir, whose present sway
 Palermo owes allegiance too, rich in
 His mind and fame, as in his large extent
 Of Land, and to augment his wealth, Hee comes
 Loaden with Spoyls of frequent victories,
 Though but i'th blossom of his life, he hath
 Already done enough to fill a Historie,
 And is deriy'd from th'old Sicilian Kings:

Him

Him I have chosen to prefer you to.

Castr. If I could double all my faculties,
You have oblieg'd them wholly to your use.
What is the other Signior, whom he seems
To court with such a fervent shew?

Fred. Duke *Phylomont*, that neighbours to his Go-
vernment,

And rules the Western borders of this Isle:
All that the rich *Mazara* yields, he equals Duke
Theander, in the best of's vergues, and his fate;
And now brings too, though from a climate more
Remote, the triumphs of a war; but yet
If midnight howlings heard in Cities lack'd
And fir'd, the groans of widow'd wives,
And slaughter'd childrens shrikes can pierce the ears
Of heaven, the Learned think, their glorious Ghosts
Will have a dismal welcome after death,
How ever in this world 'tis good to follow 'um,
I would not fright your nice and pious mind
T'unprofitable fears.

Castr. Kind Signior doubt me not,

Theand. Thou breath'st into me (mighty *Phylomont*)
No other soul but mine: my better thoughts
Are moulded in thy breast; and could wee grow
Together thus, our courteous hearts would not
Be neerer, nor yet more intire; I gratulate
Thy victories in *Spain*, thou hast undone
A Nation with thy noble deeds, and taught
Them how to fight by seeing frequent conquests on
Themselves, when brave examples come too late
To immitate, and they are left no Land
To fight for, or defend.

Phyl. Renown'd *Theander*, what delight can wise
Historians have to mention me, whilst *Naples* keeps
The sense, or memory to mourn, thou art
The argument of all just praise? alas,

My

My battels will be thought, when thine are nam'd :
 But village-quarrels that poor Heardsmen make
 To keep their Common from their Land-lords sheep.
 My Ensigns not deserve to hang
 As Curtains at thy Shrine, when thou shalt lie
 Ador'd, and stil'd the Wars first Saint,
 That taught thy Armies how to clemse, not sack
 The Citties thou hast won.

The and. No more ; be these imbraces ever hearty, and
 Renew'd, till time shall lay us both a sleep within one
 Tombe.

Phylom. I am no more alive. When these
 Shall cease, or thou absentst thy self by death——

The and. *Sciolto,* where's my sister (fair *Ariola* ?)
 Me thinks her welcomes are so slow, they scarce com-
 mend her love.

Sciolto. Your excellency will find
 She'l bring such an excuse with her; as soon
 Shall be receiv'd, the Princes *Euritheia*
 Whom she's gone t'entreat, to honour this
 Solemnity, they'l instantly appear.

The an. That's joy indeed, the Musick of her name,
 Salutes the eare, with sounds more cheerful and
 More full of Triumph, then the shouts of Victory !

Phyl. As much doth fair *Ariola* surprize
 My sense, with gladnes, wonder and with love.

Fred. *takes Theander aside.*

Fred. This is the Gentleman to whom your Grace
 Vouchsaf'd to promise Entertainment at
 My humble sute.

The and. He shall be well receiv'd :
 Sir, you ha' d skill to know your businels needs
 Must thrive, when you chose *Fredeline* your advocate.

Castra. I am the creature of your excellency--

Enter Euritheia, Ariola.

The and. Brave *Philomont* intreat my Sister to

Forgive

Forgive a while the tending of my loye,
Till I have breath'd it into thine.

Phylom. The like request.

Theander to my Sister make,
Till thine have first receiv'd the righteous vows,
And offrings of my heart —

Eurithea runs cheerfully to imbrace *Theander*, *Ariola*
seems to retreat a little at *Phylomont's* salute.

Castræ. Sir, our *Theander* and his Mistris meet
(Methinks) with more allacrity, and free
Consent, than *Phylomont* and his *Ariola* ;
She wears him at a careful distance from her eyes.

Fred. Right Sir, the first are Lovers of a pure
Cœlestial kind, such as some stile Platonical :
(A new Court Epethite scarce understood)
But all they wooo, Sir is the Spirit, Face,
And heart, therefore their conversation is
More safe to Fame ; the other still affect
For natural ends.

Castræ. As how I pray ?

Fred. Why such a way as Libertines call Lust,
But peaceful Polliticks, and cold Divines
Name Matrimony Sir ; therefore, although
Their wife Intent be good and lawful, yet
Since it infers much Game and Pleasure i'th event,
In subtle bashfulness, shee would not seem
To entertaine with too much forwardnes,
Whas shee (perhaps) doth willingly expect :
Sir this is but my guesse, and I beseech
It may remain a secret unto you.

Castræ. Signior, my lips are seal'd.

Theand. O do not strive t'afflict thy tenderness
With unkind thoughts, 'tis not the fortune of
A day, the victors glory, when he toyts
To humble others pride, that he may swell
His own : nor yet to lead a Nation cold.

And

And naked forth, then bring them home, gay and
 Fantastick in their Silks, sweating in Furs
 Pontifical, as they had late
 Like civill Judges to redress those men
 Whom for their own relief they slew,
 No *Euritheia*, these were not the charmes
 That have so long betrayd me from thy sight.

Eurith. Then I have cause to fear your weariness
 Of love, and that would poyson my weak faculties
 With a disease, that can admit no ease
 To sooth my willing hope, nor cure, but death.

Theand. Old Pilots, when benighted, have more
 cause
 To doubt their Stars direction to their Card ;
 Or th' Adamants true friendship to their Steel,
 Than thou, the loyalty of my strong faith. (Land

Eurith. Three Sommers absent from your native
 And me, as many tedious winters too,
 To make up time more sorrowful and long ; (lieſ?
 How can you fashion an excuse so well, as to expect be-

Theand. Truth wants no power :
 I went in search of vertuous fame, to make
 My self more fit in noble worth,
 For the encounter of thy love.

Eurith. Alas ! how are you certain of my modesty
 That you should give me such continuall cause
 To Blush ; I should find courage sure
 To chide you for t, but that i'le minister
 No cause to hasten your remove from hence,
 Where I have hope my pray'rs and innocence shall keep
 you long.

Theand. Els I should loose such a felicity,
 As he that hopes for better in the other world
 Must fast and live severely to attain't.

Phyl. The rugged fashion of the war hath dull'd
 My understanding and my speech, or else

You

Your eares (*Ariola*) have lately lost their wonted tenderness.

Ario. Sir you do willingly mistake in both :
But 'tis because you know, you have as great
A priviledge to injure me, as to abuse your self.

Phyl. Shall I be heard then when I speak, and clearly
fully

A little listned to, that by degrees,
I may recover my sick hope ?

Ariola. You cannot loose your vertue sir, and then
I'm sure my courtesie will never fail :
To promise more, would make me seem too prodigall,
Of what you can't in nobleness receive.

Phylo. The favour of your hand I may, — *Offers to kiss it*
Ario. That not becomes your dignitie. —

Phylo. Indeed my bold ambition rather would
Advance me to the sweetnes of your lip. —

Ario. That worse becommeth mine. —

Phylo. Forgive me kind *Ariola* : I thrive
By chastisement, and mean to sin no more.

Theand. Me thinkes since yonder building on the
Mount,

And that large Marble square was turretted,
The house looks pleasant, and would tempt us to
Enjoy the Sommer in't; what says my *Phylomont* ?
Shall we forsake the toyles o'th Camp, and here
With triumphs celebrate the peace that wee,
Have purchas'd and deserv'd ?

Phylo. I'm here *Theand* govern'd by your Laws,
And must consent, but they are such I like.

Theand. Come *Euritheia* let me hasten to
Begin my happiness : lead to the Merte walke. —

Exeunt all but Fred. Cast. Scialto.

Fred. My Lord make me indebted to your eares
Awhile before you goe, this Gentleman
May safely share with us i'th privacie.

Castra.

Castr. You do me honour with your trust.

Fred. How worthy 'tis of grief, a Prince so young,
Endow'd with all the helps, that nature, art,
Or fortune need to make up perfect man,
Should weare away the happiest season of
His strength, in tedious meditation thus,
Severe discourses, and a cold survey,
Of beauty that he loves, yet fears to use?

Sciol. Oh Signior! It hath forc'd me make a very
noddish sponge

Of my Pillow, I've wept at midnight for't,
It is a thought too dangerous for one,
Of's grey hayr'd friends to bear in memory.

Fred. His name (if he continue ignorant
O'th use of marriage thus) must perish with
Himself, and all his glorious conquests have
Atchiev'd, be left without an heire.

Sciol. Right sir, for I believe those babies he,
And *Euritheia* do beget by gazing in
Each other eyes; can inherit nothing,
I mean by'th custome here in *Sicilie*,
And as for *Plato's* Love-laws they may entaile,
Lands on Ghosts, and shaddows for ought I know,
I understand not Greek.

Castr. How sir is she inclin'd?

Fred. As coldly as himself.

Castr. Is there no way to tempt their simple loves
to the right use?

Fred. My Lord I have conceiv'd a remedy
In my own thoughts, 'tis an experiment,
Which if your Lordships Judgment can allow,
May meet with glad success.

Sciol. I'm bound to heare't.

Fred. There lives within *Mesina* (three leagues
hence)

One *Buonaroste*, a Phyfitian, and

A sat

A sad Phylosopher, who though his wealth,
Not makes him eminent, yet he is rich
In precious vellum, and learn'd Manuscripts
Yellow'd with age, in old disjoynted Globes,
And crooked Mathematick Instruments,
Enow to fill a Braziers shop, which with
His Magazin of coles, and Stills of glass,
For Chimick purposes is all he hath.

Sciol. A very rich Alderman Phylospher.

Fred. Believ't (my Lord) this Kingdom will receive
More future fame by being honour'd with
His birth, then by our *Æschylus*, our *Diodore*
Our *Gorgias*, and *Empedocles*, *Euclide*,
And our *Archymedes*, who all took here
Their knowldg, and their lives.

Sciol. Well Sir, wherein consists our present benefit ?

Fred. This man by Art shall make him marry whom
hee now so ignorantly Courts.

Sciol. That would incline much neer a Miracle.

Fred. Reward my care but with your Patience, and
Observe. I'm no protector of their silly faith,
Who think (forsooth) that Phylters mixt with hearbs,
Or Min'rals can inforce a love, those Sir
are Fables, made to comfort distress'd Virgins,
that want estates to marry'um.

Sciol. How then Signior ?

Fred. I say my re:son thinks it possible,
With long indeavour'd Art (where love is fix'd
and enterchang d already) by a free
consent, to heat their bloods into desire,
and nat'r al appetite ; And these desires
they both may exercise (being married Sir)

With leave of Custom, and our Laws : You apprehend.

Sciol. With little labour Sir : Give me your hand,
and let me thank you for't; for as you said,
though Art cannot inforce a mutuall love

When it hath found a lover out, it can
Provoke and warm him to doe notable feats;
But by what subtle means is this perform'd?

Fred. He hath a rare Elixir.

Sciul. Well Sir, you give much reason, and some
But in my greener years I thought no Elixir (hope:
Like Powder'd Bief, and good round Turnips to't,
If eaten heartily, and warm.

Cast. My Lord I'm your Disciple.

Sciul. Nay, I have found an humble Bee, pickled,
Can do as much as your *Cantarides*:
But who will you employ unto this Man
Of Art? It must be secretly design'd.

Fred. *Castraganio*, you Sir, shall straight take horse;
My former trust imboldens me to make
No fitter choyce, this Letter will insinuate
Our plot, which with five hundred Crowns that purse
Contains, may speed him hither ere't be night.

Castra. My care shall make me worthy of your love.

Fred. Farewel, be swift and prosperous.

Sciolt. Ile in, and wait the Dukes commands—

Exeunt Sciolt, Castraganio, severally.

Fred. This fellow hath a wondrous little skull;
And sure, but half a soul, easie and fit
To knead and manage in all formes, my darke
Contrivements shall design; but for
My hun'rous Lord, that his old gowty feet
Should stumble too into my snares, hath in't
As much of fortune, as of mirth: Down, down,
The secreit troubles of my brest, I have
Not long to mourn, if all my Arts prove safe;
My midnight purposes are new and strange,
But heavie headed Mules tread in the plain
And beaten Path; The fat dul Porpoysse still
With danger on the open water plays;
Wise Serpents creep, in crook'd and hidden ways. *Exit.*

A C T.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 1.

Enter Fredeline, Castraganio.

Castr. Sir, he is come, I have divorc'd him from His Books, and found his eyes employ'd to reconcile Old Hieroglyphicks by their shape, and then T'interpret blind half eaten Characters, Deform'd as Lock-smiths, or as Carvers tools.

Fred. Hath he consider'd our request, and gives Some hope we may find remedy in Art?

Castr. With an industrious and exact survey, But in his mighty Science flights our fears, As 'twere a thing most easie to be done.

Fred. My joyes(dear Sir)will grow too great for my Discretion to conceal. *Castr.* There's your Money.

Fred. How I would he not receiv't?

Castr. He says he likes your nature well, that you Could freely part with trifles of such high esteem; And for that cause he came, but will not sell The labours of his mind: Besides, profess'd, Those gilded Counters are not things he loves.

Fred. A Noble fellow! These Philosophick Blunt Book-Gallants, have oft their Gentry tricks Of nice honour, as well as Favorites, Whom Kings make wanton with their sudden wealth. Where have you now dispos'd him unto rest?

Castr. Within your Chamber Sir, and he expects Your Visitation will be straight perform'd.

Fred. I am all speed, dear Sir, my tongue is much Too little to express my thanks: My select Friend, Lord of my Functions and my Life, wear me With what title your indulgent memory

Shall please, so you will wear me long.—

Castr. This *Fredeline* is a very Saint, so meek,
And full of courtesie, that he would lend
The Devil his Cloak, and stand i'th rain himself.
Sure I have suck'd some Sybils milk, I could
Not be thus lucky else t'injoy his love. *Enter Sciolto.*

Sciolto. So soon return'd? your haste foretels good
news.

Castr. All will succeed my Lord (I hope) as if
You had the certain skill to make
Your wishes prosperous; he is with *Fredeline*,
And they expect your Interview; but look,—
Here comes my sister, and your son; he never saw
A woman untill now; It will be sport
Worthy your stay, t'observe how he demeans himself.

Sciolto. Shee's old and poor, he may safely enough
converse with her.

Enter Amadine, and Gridonel; (be gazing at her.)

Amad. This Gentleman wants money, brain, or sleep,
Do you know him Brother?

Castr. Sweet *Amadine*, contain thy wit a while:
He never saw a woman, use him gently.

Grido. This is a rare sight,
One of the Angels sure, and a great gallant among'em,
Had it but blew wings on the shoulders, it
Could not be of less degree then an Angell.

Sciolto. I perceive nature inclines men to wonder,
And makes 'em somewhat relish too o'th fool.

Grid. An Angel of the better sort, some Lieutenant
Coronel in Heaven (I take't) it can't be less.

Sciolto. Will he not speak to her?

Grid. Sure it hath wings, and they are made (I think)
Of Camebrick and Bonelace.

Sciolto. A pox upon him,
He looks, as he had stoln a Silver spoon, and it

Wadz

Were found sticking in his wrist by redressing him.

Grid. If she would fly
Aloft, me thinks I should so peep under her.

Sciolt. All these are documents of nature still.

Grid. Sure those I think are Petticoats, I've heard
Of such a word, 'tis a fine kind of wearing :
My new Colours have just Taffata enough
To fashion such another ; would 'twere made,
That I might practice how to walk in't.

Sciolt. I'd beat him, but that the Villain's roughly
And perhaps would strike agen. *blowed* (bred,

Cast. Speak to him *Amadine*.

Amad. I'm mortall Sir, no Spirit, but a Maid.
pray feel me, I am warm.

Grid. Indeed forsooth I never felt a Maid.

Amad. Heaven keep him from Pepper and Tobacco,
For's brains are grown so loose in's head, they'l run.
Through's nose, next time he chance to sneeze;
And Dancing too will shake 'um out, it is
An exercise too violent for that
Disease. Sir, do you use to dance.

Grid. What's that forsooth? 

Grid. We use it with Wars, to march and make a halt, A

Amad. Fresh straw, and a strong chain, the Gentleman
is mad, look to him, Brother. *Exit?*

Scolt. If I'd another son, I'd hardly trust
Nature agen with his breeding.

Grid. She said she was a Maid; and I've been told
A Maid's a kind of Woman, —

Sciolt. She is a woman sonne.
Grid. If women be such things, I wonder th'enc-

Do never bring their Wives against our Camp,
To give us battel, sure we should all yield.

Sciolt. Belike then you have a months mind to her.

Grid. O sir, she hath the prettiest pinking eyes; The holes are no bigger then a Pistol Bore.

Castro. An excellent Similie for a Painter, That would draw a good face.

Grid. Her fingers are so small, and longer then A Drum-stick; ah, how they'd bestir themselves Upon a Fife.

Sciolt. Then you could leave the wars, and live with her?

Grid. So she would still sit by and let me gaze till my eyes ake.

Sciolt. Stil he's Innocent, one of *Plato's Lovers*.

Grid. Pray what was he?

Sciolt. An odd Greek fellow that could write and read.

Grid. O belike some Clerk of a Company.

Sciolt. If he continue's wonder thus, and Ignorance To ev'ry woman that he meets, I may Intail my Land upon the poor, he'll not Be able to beget an Heir as big As my thumb, I must think upon some course.

Enter *Theander*

Theander. My Lord *Sciolt*, I had thought your white And rev'rend head had held this season fit For sleep; Night takes her swarthy Mantle up As she would wear it straight. What Gentleman is this?

Sciolt. Your grace may please to own him for my child, His Mother sir would justify as much, Were she alive.

Theander. What, *Gridonel*? Men speak him of a great And daring heart, and skilful how to vex The Foe, though he be young.

Sciolt. Faith if the Foe pine but an Apron on, Or get his Corslet edg'd with Flanders Purl,

Hee'll do him little hurt.

Theander. You are accus'd.

My

(My Lord) they say you bred him to no use
Of Books, he cannot Write, nor Read.

Sciolt. 'Twill keep him Sir, from entring into Bond.

Theand. Let us begin acquaintance Sir, the day
May come, when you shall lead my Ensigns forth,
And though you bring them shot and ragged home,
Yet they'll be crown'd with Wreaths.

Grid. Strike up your Drums to night then if you
If th'Moon be froward Sir, and will not shine, (please
Wee'l fire small Towns to light us as we march.

Sciolt. Mass! I thank nature for that yet, he has
Good mettal in him.

Theand. His meaning's straight and smooth, though's
words be rough.

I like him well, you must bestow him on me.

Sciolt. Most gladly Sir, and let me tell your grace,
You'l find him one of the most exquisite
Platonick Lovers this day living; he will
So innocently view and admire a Lady!

Theand. Still fitter for my use. Souldier good-
night. *Exit.*

Sciolt. I must to *Freeline*, and the Philosopher. *Exit.*

Castr. This woman was my Sister, *Gridonel*.

Grid. And did one Father make you both?

Castr. I Sir, and with a very little pains.

Grid. My Father's old and lazie now, if hee'd
Take pains heel'd soon mak such another too
For me; but I shall see her Sir agen?

Castr. Yes, when you please; she must be gently
us'd.

Grid. Alas, I cannot choose. Would you would
bring

Her to my chamber in the dead of night?

Castr. You must excuse me Sir, farewell. Each hour
I'th day she may be yours.

Grid. I shall so dream.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter *Phylmont* and *Ariola*, *Rosella* with *Tapers*,
A Table with *Night-linnen* set out.

Ario. Prethee unpin me wench — If I were given
 Errough to Pray'r, or Cares, I could not be
 Thus incident to sleep ; take heed, you hurt me —

Rosell. Your Ladiship is tenderer on the Brest
 Than you were wont ; I would your heart were so.

Ariol. Ile weare my *Tuscan* raile to morrow,
 It out : but whence that wish *Rosella*? you (smooth
 Are still complayning on my poor heart.

Rosel. Madam, these two long hours the noble Duke
 Hath waited at your Chamber dore.

Ariol. Who? my Brother.

Rosel. Duke *Phylmont*, who vows t' inhabit there,
 Unles you let him in.

Ario. Heaven comfort his sick soul :
 What does he mean, here lock these pendants up ?
 The wonder of him makes me sick — Ile use
 No powder now — alas, what shall I doe ?
 I dare not let him in, the season is not fit.

Rosel. He vows his visit shall be so precise
 And civil, that yott need not counsel him,
 Nor check him with a frown.

Ariol. I but at night ?
 Mens busie and officious tongues will talke.

Rosel. Introth' your Ladiship's too strict ; when you
 Consider too your marriage is design'd ;
 If my opinion (Madam) had authority,
 No times unfit, to Lovers so far gone.

Ariol. You'll be his Orator ? goe, let him in.

Enter *Phylmont*.

Phylo. Me thinks my fair *Ariola*, you keep
 Your beauty overmuch infolded and
 Conceal'd, you are a flower that would become
 The night as sweetly as the day.

Ariol. You make me proud with your similitude :

But

But whilst I gain by it, your inference
Must lose, Mary-golds now shut in their leaves.

Phyl. Alas poor pottage flower ! *Ariola*
Should imitate the Lilly and the Rose :
They boldly spread themselves still open to
The night, yet yield the Sun so fresh and sweet
A sacrifice, that every morn he seems
To blush at's own weak Influence, which can
No longer keep them beauteous on their stalks,
But they must drop, and perish with the spring,
Your precious colour, and your odor too ;
My gentle Mistris needs must yield to time.

Ariol. The loss will not be mourn'd for sir, since
 'twill
Be scarce discern'd

Phylo. Sweet, you remove your understanding from
 my words, and make
them of no use, their meaning would perswade
you to enjoy this pleasant treasure, whilst
 it lasts ; why are you still inclos'd thus like
 an Anchoresse, as if our conversation could
 offer a sin ? why am I nicely barr'd
 from your Chamber, when the Priest b'ing paid for a
 few ceremonious words, must license me
 to your bed, your bosome too ?

Ariol. Our marriage sir may promise much, till
 then,
our excellence will grant me leave not to
 dmit of opportunities, that may give breath to ill
 report.

Phyl. Be not so cruel in your bashful care,
 My Sister makes all hours and seasons fit
 to celebrate *Theander*, and he knows
 no wrinkle on her brow, that may be call'd
 frown : O be you kind and free. — *Offers at her hand.*

Ariol. By your chaste vowes forbear —

Phylo.

Phylo. The andēr may embrace my Sisters hand
Until with warmth he melt it from the wrist :
Why should I have less am'rous priviledge ?
I have desires as bold, which will be made as lawfull too
e're long.

Ariol. The meaning of
Their love is only mutual wonder and applause,
And so proclaim'd ; therefore can stir no jealousie
In the severest thought, alas we must
Be married Sir, which may perhaps inforce
Your inclination to a dangerous hope.

Phylo. Where is thy safety then *Ariola* ?
This is the dismal silent time when Ravishers
Reach forth their trembling guilty hands to draw
The curtains where unpractis'd Virgins sleep ;
False Tarquins hour, when he did hide his Torch
From Lucrece eies, and would not suffer her
Wak'd Beauty to ecclipse that sickly flame,
Till she had quench'd a greater in his blood.
How would thy courage faint, if I should make
Thee subject to my eager youth and strength ?

Ariol. Poor *Phylomont*, if thou shouldst so forsake
Thy loyalty to Love, yet I were still secure,
And can subdue thee with my vertuous scorn ;
For now, though but my Cambrick Helmet on,
Thus thinly harness'd in my Lawne, my trivial Fan
My Shield, I stand the Champion of our Sex.
Alas ! I fain would see the proudest of
You bearded Tyrant men, that durst but hope
To force from me the least of these deshevell'd hairs,
Which I will still as bounteous favours weare
For ev'ry wanton wind to sport withall,
But not for you.

Phylo Can you be angry ?

Ariol. Then you should sigh unto your self,
And in your own inamour'd eares distill

The soothings of your cunning tongue, whilst I
Injoy the quiet of my sleep agen
Without disturbance, by thole midnight plaints
Your mournful confort at my window, made,
Wherein you curs'd the guiltless Stars, who seem'd
To smile, and winke upon each other in
Their Sphears, as if they heedfull notice took of all your
feigned grief.

Phylo. Can you be angry my *Ariola*?
Or censure ought I spoke with an unkind
Belief? Heare but my vowed.

Ariol. Good night —
Your excellency hath greater power
To move my sorrow than my rage.

Phylo. Remember gentle Love, I have your heart
By sacred plight, our nuptials now draw neer.

Ariol. I never knew the way how I might break
My Faith, but till that houre arrive, we must
Converse no more, no not at wary distance Sir,
The cause is hidden in my brest. Virtue
And Peace (my Lord) still govern your desires *Exit.*

Phylo. I shall grow mad with these delaies ;
Sh'ath made a vow never to marry me,
Untill her brother seal't with his consent. Ile move
It to *Theander* e're I sleep. *Hymen!*
Goe light thy Fires, and make thy Tapers shine,
Or cure me sacred Love, by quenching thine. *Exit.*

Enter *Amadine* with a *Taper*, and *Theander*.

Amad. Not in her Bed Sir yet, I left her with
Her Lute, whose Musick I believe, has woo'd her to a
gentle sleep.

Theand. Tread easie then,
With a slow tim'rous pace, lets make less noyse
Than *Times* soft feet, or Planets when they move —

Draws a *Canopie*; *Euritheia* is found sleeping
on a *Conch*, a *vaile* on, with her *Lute*.
Give

Give me the light ; now leave us and retire.

- *Amad.* This is an odd kind of Lover, he comes
Into my Ladies chamber at all houres ;
Yet thinks it strange that people wonder at
His priviledge. Well, opportunity
Is a dangerous thing ; it would soon spoile me.

Theand. Shee lies as in a shady Monument,
Secure as pious votaries that knew
They were forgiven e're they dy'd.

Eurith. Who's there ? my Lord, the Prince ?

Theand. O, sleep agen, and close those eyes that stil
Enlighten mine ; till I have merited
The beauty of their beams, by blessings, such,
As loves religous Priests doe give,
This sacred office would become me well :
*Tis not a robe of Lawn, a hallow'd Verge,
Nor flowry Chaplets nicely wreath'd, can add
Prosperity to Prayers, or to Vowes,
No formal Pomp, or Ceremony needs
To wishes that are clean and humbly made.

Eurith. *Theander* sit, where have you been so long
*Las, wherefore do I ask, since I
So lately found you in my dream ?

Theand. Unvail my love — when this is but displaid
Thou openst like a fragrant bud before
The mornings eye, whilst all that's neer thee is
Perfum'd, thy breath converts me to a flowre,
Weare me within thy bosom (Virgin friend)
And I shall last in odour all the yeare.

Eurith. Thou art *Theander*, and that name includes
The sweetnes of the Spring and Sommers wealth.

Theand. Thou art not *Eurithea*, but my Rose,
My sober bashful flowre, and I
Thy wanton Woodbine that must grow about
Thee in embracements thus, until thou art
Intangled with chast courtesies of love.

Eurith

Eurith. This is a happiness too great to last,
Envie or Fate must lessen it, or we
Remove 'mongst the eternal Lovers, and
Provide our habitation neer the stars !

My wonder grows upon me like my joy, O *Theander*!

Theand. What faies my *Cherubine*?

Eurith. How shall I give my estimation words,
When it would valew thee that art the warrs
Chief Souldier, best example and delight ?
So bold, thou dar'st seek danger in a storm,
When all the winds prepare to quarrel in
The Baltick Sea ; yet thou art milder then
A captive Saint, so pittiful that I
Have seen thee weep o're the distress'd, till thou
Mightst give a name to Rivers as their spring.

Theand. And thou (my Love) art sweeter far,
Then Baulmy Incense in the purple smoak,
Pure and unspotted, as the cleanly Ermine, ere
The Hunter sullies her with his pursuit,
Soft as her skin, chaste as th' Arabian bird,
That wants a sex to woe, or as the dead,
That are divorc'd from warmth, from objects, and from
thought.

blaid still *Euritheia* I could multiply thy praise,
Yet still prove loyal unto truth ;
When I embrace thee thus, I straight forget,
As weak delights, the days of victory,
And glories of the warr.

Eurith. But when you heare the Drum, and the shrill
Trumpet call,
You'l mount your angry Steed agen, and haste
To live confin'd in Trenches, to exchange
Your marble Palace for a Tent, whilst I
Like a distress'd sad Turtle, am ordain'd
To mourn without a mate.

Theand. Doe not afflict me with thy jealous fears ;

Im

I'm come to tell thee (Love) to morrow in
 Th' adjoyning Grove, Ile meet thee like
 A Shepherd, such as fair *Arcadia* bred,
 That with variety our old delights,
 May still seem new.

Eurith. A Lovers wish,
 Can imp the houres short wings, and hasten time,
 Look up *Theander*, it is day.

Theand. Where should I look ?
 Thou dost mistake the sphear, and residence
 O'th morne : let early village Labourers,
 And dull benighted Sea-men do their homage to
 The East for light, the Region of our day
 We seek like Lovers in the fairest eyes.

Eurith. If you should look in mine, twill still seem
 night.

Theand. To bed to bed : me think I heare the Larke,
 The Mornings merry Officer ; and see
 Him shake his dewie wings, as he would strive
 To climbe high as his cheerful voyce.

Eurith. The best that Poets wishes can invent,
 Or Lovers prayers procure, thy sleepes injoy.

Theand. And thine, that precious harmony that
 dwells.

With quiet Hermits in their narrow cells.

Exe. several wayes.

Enter *Buonatesfe*, *Sciolto*, *Fredeline*, and *Castragano*.

Buonat. I say (my Lord) your busines doth con-
 cerne

The blood, and not the Eyes ; and since 'tis late,
 It were abuse of time to read long lectures
 Of the *Opticks*, to tell you their consent
 And unitie, or shew you through a perspective
 How *Amorists* oppos'd in level to
 Each other sight, unite and thridd their beams,
 Untill they make a mutual string, on which

The

Their spirits dance into each others brain,
And so begin short Journeys to the heart;
Or to reveal the shape and colour of
Those spirits too, that were a miracle,
Worthy sublime, and powerful Art!

Sciol. Their Colour's Orange Tawny Sir, as I conceive.

Buonat. Your Lordship can conceive no more, than
your

Weak knowledge will give leave.

Fred. To him Doctor.

Buon. Nor do I think it can concern you much,
Whether the nerval Conjugations be
But seven, and of that mystick number too,
Whether the *Opticks* be the chief.

Sciol. For your seven Conjugations sir, you shall
Excuse me, but beleev't, the seven wise Masters
Is a Volume I read much in my Youth.

Buon. Your Lordship gives good proof of't in your
age:

But yet you never heard sir of the fam'd

Antipheron, whom once the learned *Stagerite*
Admir'd so for the self-reflection that

He wore like to his perfect Image still where he mov'd:

Sciolt. No more, my good wise friend, thou hast
My wonder, that's enough; my understanding
Shall come after, but not till I am dead,
For then they say wee shall know all things

Without paying for our Books.

Buon. There is the powder Sir.

Fred. Give it to my care.

Buon. The Duke must take it in his draught to
night.

To morrow, as the Sun increaseth in
His power, it works; at noon you'll see pure Miracles,

Fred. My Lord, 'tis fit our *Castraganio* give

It

It him : he takes a rowse of Corsick wine
 Still e're he sleepes ; he waiting in his chamber
 May fitly mingle and present it to him — *Castr. takes*

Castr. Ile use my safest diligence. (the paper.

Sciol. Where is he now ?

Castr. With *Euritheia* Sir ; he hath not call'd.

Sciolt. Staies he so long ? 'tis now i'th' ken of day.

Signior Buonateste, have you no more

Of this rare Magical stufle ?

Buon. Another *Doce* ; I came provided Sir.

Sciol. Pray give it me.

Buon. Most willingly, but to whom will you dispos't?

Sciol. Unto no other but my Son : I find
 Hee's very much Platonically given.

Buon. My Lord, I still beseech you not to wrong
 My good old friend *Plato*, with this court calumnie ;
 They father on him a Fantastick Love

Hee never knew, poor Gentleman, upon
 My knowledge sir, about two thousand years
 Agoe, in the high street yonder

At *Athens*, just by the corner as you pass
 To *Diana's Conduit* (a Haberdashers house)
 It was (I think) he kept a wench.

Sciol. How sir, a wench ?

Buon. I could say more, my friend was lewdly given.

Sciol. But with your favour Sir, a plump brown wench ?

Buon. Faith Authors differ about that ; some write
 Shee had a Flaxen haire, and others too,
 That did not blush to know more private marks,
 Say she had a Mole under her left thigh :
 Others a hollow Tooth, that put him to
 The charge of Cloves, because her breath grew some-
 what troublesome.

Fred. Give me thy hand
 Doctor ; Ile have some share too in thy heart
 E're long ; But did not *Plato* write of Love

Buon. Divinely Sir, but not such kind of Love
As Ladies would have now, they mistake him.

Sciolt. He wrote in Greek, Doctor.

Buon. True, my good Lord.

Sciolt. Why then belike my Son mistakes him too,
He understands no Greek; this *Dose* shall conjure him;
I'll give't him strait. Come Sir, the night decays
Apace, let me direct you to your bed.

Buon. Your Lordships kindness honors me too much.

Fred. My jolly dear Philosopher, good-night. *Exeunt*
Sir, you have found with what (*Sciolt* and *Buon*,
assur'd and confident

soul I give you Interest in all
My business, and my thoughts.

Castr. Signior, I plead no merit but your bounty.

Fred. And now under the same potection of
Our friendship and your trust, I must reveal
Secret that doth oft inforce me walk
With arms enfolded thus, still to combine
And fasten in my ribs, lest it should split
My brest; and you shall know it Sir, I love,
Curs'd Fate that I must utter it) I love

the Princess *Euritheia*. *Castr.* Signior (indeed)
His will deserve to be a secret, and securely kept.

Fred. So love her Sir, that men
In fierce conspiracy, despair, or want,
Joy more quiet sleeps than I; and since
I'm declin'd much into weaknes, and
Unpleasant yeers: you see what narrow hopes
Are left to give my furious appetite success.

Castr. Introth 'tis pitty Sir.

Fred. There you express'd the charitie
And melting nature of a Friend, and may
Minister redress, for it will much
Reflect within your power.

Castr. You cannot want it then; but Sir, it seems pre-
As posterous

And strange to my dull brain, that since
 Your love doth force you wish her to your self,
 You strive by marriage to bestow her on
 The Duke, and with such heartines and care.

Fred. In this your friendship is agen conjur'd,
 I do beseech you never seek the end
 Of that misterious cause; some Salt I have
 That shews th' *Italian* humour in my Blood.
 I not affect to compass my designs
 The Vulgar way.

Castr. But how can I redres your grief?

Fred. Your Sister *Amadine*, is in affection and at-
 tendance, neer

The Princesse person and her mind, she may
 By your entreaty render me in such
 A Character of cunning praise, as shall
 Advance me to her love perhaps, at least,
 To a refreshing of my sick desires.

Castr. Shee's bound in Conscience Sir, to do good
 Offices.

Fred. But wilt thou charm thy Sister with all force
 Of thy affinity and words, to be my friend,
 Indear us so, that I may whisper my
 Own cause, and teach her mediate my access?
 This must be done to morrow, for delays
 Will make my grief too dangerous to bear.

Castr. To morrow doubt it not, my Functions shall
 Intirely be employ'd to your best use.

Fred. I had almost forgot the Med'cine; it
 Is late, and time 'twere working in his draught:
 Farewel: Command me to the losse of Fame,
 Of Treasure, and of Life dear *Castraganio*,
 Be but benign, and chain me as thy slave.

Exeunt several

Enter *Philomont*, *Arnoldo*, and *Jaspero* with lights.

Phyl. I thought t'have found him safe in's quiet rest

With

With's Curtains drawn ere this. Is it his use to stay so long?

Arnol. The visits he presents unto your Graces Sister,

Though at night, are never hastily perform'd.

Jasper. Times gowtie leggs may tire, if he run on
Untill such true and faithful Lovers finish their dis-
course,

As wearisome and long.

Arnol. *Jaspero*, that's the morn
Which so inflameth yonder Cloud.

Jasp. Is it your Graces will, we go and trie to hasten
his approach?

Phylo. Please you to trust

Me here alone, Ile stay his coming Sir,
My busines asks a private conference.—*Exeunt Arnol.*
My Sister is so bounteous of her love, (*not. Jaspero*),
And gives her favours with such bold neglect
Of Fame, but that I knew the pure and chaste
Condition of her soul, I should grow vex'd
With jealous fears. *Ariola* will not vouchsafe
To use me so.

Enter Theander.

Theand. My *Phylomont*, this is a season when
Your visit would import some great affair
That carries haste or wonder in't.

Phyl. You have a Mistris Sir, preserves
Your spirits full of Fire, your glad heart keeps
Eternal triumph in her close warm throne,
Whilst mine increaseth not in joyes, but weight,
Tis heavy Sir, if it continue so

Twill break the strings. Your froward Sister.

Theand. Will she not love? I'm sure her Beautie
was

Ordain'd for no felicity but Love.
Her sweetnes and her forms, though she were lesse
Ally'd unto my nature, would proclaim it to the
world.

Phyl. Sir, she hath banish'd me.

Theand. Upon what rock or promont, Was she
by

A Scythian nours'd, that she is grown so cruel?
It cannot be.

Phyl. Th'affliction will not long indure
(I hope) because you may repeal the doom.

Theand. You are assur'd my *Phylomont*, I needs
Must strive to further love ; what shall I do ?

Phylo. Give your consent, that I may marry her.

Theand. How ! marry her ! Your souls are wedded Sir
I'm sure you would not marry bodies too,
That were a needless charge. Come, you shall save
Your Bridal Feasts, and Gloves.

Phyl. This mirth Sir, is a little too remote
From th'answer I should have.

Theand. Blame my conception then; I understand
You not : To what purpose would you marry her ?

Phyl. Why Sir? to lie with her, and get children.

Theand. Lie with my Sister *Phylomont* ! how vile
And horridly that sounds ! I prethee sleep
A while, 'tis thy distemper, and I pardon it. full Si

Phyl. This is strange, being married, is't not law

Theand. I grant it may be Law, but is it comely ?
Reduce thy reason to a cleaner Sense,
Think on't a noble way. You two may live,
And love, become your own best arguments,
And so contract all virtue, and all praise :
Be ever beauteous, fresh, and young, at least
In your belief ; for who can lessen, or
Defile th'opinion which your mutual thoughts
Shall fervently exchange ? and then you may

Beget reflections in each others eyes,
So you increase not children, but your selves
A better, and more guiltless progenie ;
Those immaterial creatures cannot sin.

Phyl. But who shall make men Sir, shall the world
cease?

Theand. I know not how thare made, but if such
deeds

Be requisite, to fill up Armies, Vill:ges,
And Citie shops ; that killing,labour, and
That couz'ning still may last : know *Phylomont*,
I'de rather Nature should expect such course
And homely drudgeries from others than from me.

Phyl. And yet you had a Father Sir.

But why do I tell him so ? that was
His Mothers fault not his. This is mad doctrine.
I bid your excellency good-night, but first
I leave this information in your ear ;
You'll find your Sister of my mind, she fain would mar-
rie too.

Theand. Oh prodigie ! belike
he understands then what it means, wrong not
Ladie Sir, whose innocence is such,
hee wears no blushes for her self, but you.
Leave me, although our friendship Sir be great,
My patience is too little to subdue
My rage, to Bed my gentle *Phylomont*,
Thou art guiltless, thou wilt sleep.

Phyl. Ile take your counsel Sir,
The morning may reclaim us both. Exit.

Theand. O poor *Ariola*, where hast thou chang'd
My bashful vertue for unchaste desires ?
My ears are blister'd with lascivious breath,
My understanding is become thy crime ;
I shall not know thee when I meet thee next,
My very soul is ffullied, and thy blood

That ran so pure, will now grow black with Sin,
Till't make thy beauty like an *Aethiops* skin. *Exit.*

A C T 3. S C E N. I.

Enter Theander, Ariola.

Ariol. Your looks are clouded Sir, I fear your health
Is alter'd, or your mind perplex'd.

Theand. Your looks, *Ariola*, will shortly too decay
Whilst by their strange and early perishing
Your former Beauty must be quite forgot,
Like sullen Roses that would wither on
The Bough, e're thoroughly blown, e're gather'd for
The Still; so lose all memory that they were ever sweet.

Ariol. I need instructions what you would infer.

Theand. Have you no secret sickness in your blood?

Ariol. Not that I feel, nor do I think my Prayers
So vainly made, that I should perish yet.

Theand. Have you not heard of late some new di-
course,
Such as inflam'd you to desire strange practises
Of heat, trials of Youth, I know not what
They are; but Nature oft doth put odd tricks
On young and curious fools, which still
The bashful may resist. *Ariol.* If to be ignorant.
Be safe, I am to learn Sir what you mean.

Theand. Indeed! look up, and with a Virgin con-
Contemn th'inrag'd severeness in my brow, (den-
By urging that for truth without a blush.

Ariol. Alas, you have amaz'd me Sir, but I
Dare look i'th face of heaven, write all my willing faul-
And stand unavail'd whilst they are read.

Theand. Perhaps she is abus'd. *Ariola*,
Pray tell me the request you sent by *Phylomont*;
I know not how I understood it then,

But sure t' hath troubled all my powres.

Ariol. I sent you none but what was good and law-
ful.

Theand. Are you become so wise
In wickednes, to chuse offences that
The laws protect? Th' ambitious in the worlds
First Age invented them to gather wild
And wandring Nations into Towns and Forts:
And so rais'd Common-wealths, for their own pride
To rule, those cunning Scriblers knew that Laws
Make Subjects, and tame Slaves, not virtuous Men;
Live thou as not to know or need their use.

Ariol. I can be farther justifi'd, for my request
Was fit and modest too.

Theand. Then you may name't.

Ariol. I gave him leave fairly to question your con-
sent,
That wee might marrie Sir.

Theand. Doe you already know what that word
means?

Ariol. Your Judgement had sufficient cause to blame
My breeding else: I have been often told
It's sacred Institution, and the use
For which it was first ordain'd.

Theand. The use, *Ariola*? Sh'ath rarely profitted
Since my long absence from her at the Campe:
Who read these Lectures in your eare? If't were
conA woman, sure, she fastned on her Maske
denTo hide her blushes whilst shee talk'd.

Ariol. In my weak judgement sir, you are too nice
And make uncomely misterie of that
Which both the learned and the noble have
Allow'd and taught; and such as vestals may
Discourse, yet not be binish'd from their holy lamp.

Theand. But to remain a vestall still (*Ariola*)
To live in sweetunskilful virgin-hood,

The Angels life, for they no sexes know,
But ever love in Meditation, not in Act.
Ha ! is not this a sweetness far beyond,
The pleasures that our appetites create ?

Ariol. Sir, it is excellent and free, but I
Am told, the next degree of happiness,
The mirried challenge, and enjoy:

Thean. O she is lost ! I will
Goe weep into the Sea, and sooner hope
To find my unmix'd teares upon my cheek
Agen, than her perverted heart reclaim'd
Unto her former innocence. Reach me
Your hand; you are my prisoner now, and must
Be kept from sight of Men.

Ariol. Sir, though I cannot learn m^e offence, yet I
Shall soon be taught t'obay.

Theand. If since thy late perversion thou hast left
But one acquaintance in sweet heaven, that dares
Effriend thy Orizons, kneel to him strait.

Ariol. Though you are cruel grown, you cannot
Want

My tender wishes, that your angry thoughts,
Be to their peaceful harmony restor'd.

Exit. *Thean.* seemes to lock her in.

Theand. Yet am I not left desolate, to mourn
With single grief, this ruin'd Virgins fate :
My Earthaea whien she heares of her
Revolt, will sigh her piteous soul away to ayre.

Enter Phylom.

Phyl. *Theander* I am come to learn. If yet
Your temper can with kind, discreet civillity,
Return an answer to my suit ?

Theand. Sir y'have undone a noble Mayd, one nurst'd
In such severe behaviour of her minde,
So meek and humble in desires, she seem'd
Much fitter for a Gloister then a Court;

But

But now she aymes at liberty and change.

Phyl. What I have taught her sir, Hermits and Nunnes

Might in their dying minutes listen to
Without disquiet to their parting souls ;
And things less chaste I know, she would not heare.

Theand. Take heede my Princely friend ? Doe not augment

Thy crime, by owning as thy knowledge, what
Is yet, but the mistake of thy belief ;
I had a hope thy vain conceptions would
Be mended much by sleep.

Phyl. Well, Ile be brief.
Your Sister I would marry sir, and then
As Lords and Princes use, that love their wives,
Ly with her.

Theand. You are too Masculine ?
Name not those wordsagen : you blast me with
Your breath, poor Ruffians in their drink, that dwell
In Suburbe Allies, and in smoaky Lanes,
Are not so rude ; leave me : My anger may
Undoe us both.

Phyl. Theander, can you think
To fright me hence, or is it safe to chide
Me from my busines with bold words ? I would
Be better usde ; tell me (I pray) is this
All the fit answer my demands shall have ?

Theand. All sir, and more then I can patiently
Allow, your conversation never could be less esteem'd.

Phyl. I feare your noble reason is diseas'd,
Wherc I have lov'd, affliction makes me pittifull,
And where I pity, I can nere intend
Revenge : farewell injurious Prince, but know,
If I can get your Sisters kinde consent,

Ile not endeavour yours !

Theand. Goe not deluded with that trivial hope :

She

She is my prisoner lock'd and inclos'd,
From all address that force or opportunity
Would make, thou shalt behold her face no more.

Phyl. Hah ! imprison'd ! I sooner would cage up
The little Bird, that sung a *Requium* or'e
My Mothers Hearse : the sad domestick *Red breast*, or
The courteous *Wren*, that strew'd with Cypress leaves
Th'unburied Pilgrim in the field : examine sir,
Your troubled memory. It cannot be.

Theand. You'l find it most expedient, and a truth.

Phyl. Imprison her ! her beauty will break forth.
You may as soon in Chrystal Jayles confine
The Sunns resfulgent Beams, climbe heaven, reach down
A Starr, and in a Lanthorne shut it, as imprison her !

Theand. This iteration will
But vex us both. Farewel ! you may believe't
At leasure sir, time will perswade you to't.

Phyl. *Theander*, stay ; marke how I cancel all
Th'affection, merit, and the glorious vowed,
Wee interchang'd in war, the parting tears
Wee shed, when in the day of battel our
Bold troops wee did divide against the Foe :
And those embraces made, when met agen,
Joy'd and exalted with our victorie,
Are now eternally forgot.

Theand. I should lament this loss, had you preserv'd
Your vertue still, and puritie of heart.

Phyl. Till three round journies of the Sun expire,
I'll give thee leisure to repent, but then
Release thy Sister to her free converse,
And publike view, or I will spread my Ensignes here,
And 'gainst thy Pallace fix my Cannon, till
I batter it to dust.

Thean. Poor *Phylomont*, how I neglect thy furie
when it dares
Inkind'e mine ? If Fate resolve, wee that

In forraign Climes made others mourn, so soon
Must bleed at home ; yet e're wee part, let us
Salute like civil Enemies — Farewel.

When next we meet, 'twill be in danger, noyse,
And sulph'rous smoke ; for *Euritheas* sake,
Thy Fetters shall be Silver, and thy Bonds of Silk.

Phyl. And for *Ariola's*, if thou shalt fall
Beneath my Sword, I will imbalme thee with my *Tears* ;
My eyes grow moist with pittie of our Fates.

The and. And mine with sorrow melt so fast a way,
I shall be left in darkness if I stay. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Castragatio*, *Freeline*, and *Amadine*.

Castr. This *Gridonel* is young and simple sir,
Admires all women with a tame extasie.
And then my Sister *Amadine* (you know)
Hath a most pure contriving Wit ; if wee
Could get him marrie her, it were a stratagem
Would make us rich and famous.

Fred. But will you bring her to him now ?

Castr. That's our design.

Fred. Hast thou o'rewatch'd thy self ? art mad ?

Castr. Why Signior ?

Fred. 'Tis past the time two hours, when by our
great

Physitians date, the Med'cine 'gan to worke.
I doe believe, the Duke e're this hath felt
Some sudden diff'rence in his Mayden blood :
And *Gridonel*, I'm sure, drunke his full share ;
Twill work him to such furie, he will ravish
Thy poor Sister, nay eat her up, not leave
A morsel big enough to bear her name,
Or memorie that such a creature was.

Castr. Shee's old, and tough, and will be sure to put
Him Sir to th'trial of his teeth ; but I
Had quite forgot, he took the Med'cine, wee
Must ch'se some other time.

Fred

Fred. As for your sisters marriage
Sir, with *Gridonell*, trusts my plots, such I
Have laid, as shall joyn hearts and hands, then straight
Bring 'um to bed I think sir, shee desires no more.

Castr. Sir you oblige us with new benefits.

Fred. Some 'cause you'l have to say so now, read
that—

'Tis a Commission I procur'd the Duke
This morning sign, which gives you a company
In's Regiment garrison'd at *Mesina* :
So you are now my friend and Captain *Castraganio*.

Castr. The latter adds to my revenew, sir, the first to
my content.

Fred. Have you employ'd your Sister *Amadine* in my
behalf?

Castr. Sir, there shee stands, readie to execute
All you enjoyn, to th'hazard of her life.

Fred. Sweet *Amadine*, your kindness can excuse
An olde sinner, whose fraile, weak flesh, Nature
Intending to keep long, a little hath
O're-seasoun'd with her salt, I would be glad
Sometimes to be refresh'd ; I know you hold
The Princess in your power,; will you indeere,
Mee to her faire esteem, procure me such,
Address as may be oportune and fit ?

Amad. Sir, I've already mov'd your praises with
Some vehemence ; it prospers too, as far
As good opinion of your person and your parts.

Fred. And is there hope wee may converse, by
Star,

Or Moon-light, yet be so maydenlie to call
To have the Curtains drawn ?

Amad. This sir, with good endeavour may be done,

Fred. Then cough and make a noise, till wee
Grow wittie in our fears, and break small Jefts ,
Laugh out agen, and lift the apron up
To stifle laughter, till't be crush'd into /

A grave and silent smile.

Amad. But meaning sir no harm.

Fred. And whisper close, till in the dark, the lips
Be oft mistaken for the ears, and then
Laugh out, and wake the Posset-eating Nurse.

Amad. Still meaning sir no harme ?

Fred. None I protest, mine's pure Platonick Love.

Castr. My Sister Signior is inquisitive,
Guilty of my offence, she ask'd mee e're
You came, why you indeavour'd thus to have
The Lady married to another, whom you meant to
love ?

Fred. That's the Platonick way ; for so
The Bals, the Banquets, Chariot Canopie,
And quilted Couch, which are the places where
This new wise Sect do meditate, are kept,
Not at the Lovers, but the Husbands charge,
And it is fit ; for marriage makes him none,
Though shee be still of the Society.

Amad. And may besides her husband, have
A sad Platonicall servant to help her meditate.

Fred. All modern best Court Authors do allow't.

Amad. You give good light into the busines sir.

Fred. Were *Euritheia* married, I would teach
Her the true Art, she is unskilfull yet.

Amad. *Hymen* may burne his Taper to a snuffe
Before wee see her wedding day, there's nothing comes
So seldome in *Theanders* thought.

Fred. But are you serious ?

Amad. I've newly dres'd her like a Shepherdess,
And hee i'th old Arcadian habit meets
Her strait, to whine and kisse, that's all they doe.

Fred. How ? 'tis two full hours since the prefix'd time
Our Artist did prescribe his Charme should operate,
I hope he hath not us'd us thus. *Castraganio,*
Captain, I'd forgot : dear sir, hasten, and see

How

How it doth worke with *Gridonell* :
 You gentle Mistris, shall conduct mee to
 Some covert in the grove, where I may best
 Observe *Theander* and his talk, it will concern me much.

Exeunt.

Enter *Arnoldo*, *Jaspero*, *Gridonell*.

Arnol. This creature you so much admire, is but
 The Princess woman Sir.

Jas. A very creature, and doth serve.

Grid. Would I might serve her, Gentlemen ; I long
 To weare a Fan, I have a tossing Feather
 In my chamber as broad as a Sycamore tree,
 It will make two dozen of Fans.

Arnol. But for what uses could you serve a woman ?

Grid. Instead of rearing a square Sconse, I'd learn
 To raise up Paste ; and then for push o'Pike,
 Practise to poke a Ruffe.

Jas. These qualities will make your wages Sir,
 At least four Marks a year.

Grid. My Corp'rall shall serve too.
 It is an honest fellow, and a Lover,
 He may wash bucks, and scowre dishes, instead of Ar-
 mour.

Arnol. Is he a Lover too ?

Grido. O I ! he loves women, dares talke and han-
 dle'em :
 And would tell such pretty tales of a
 Fine gentle damsell that he knew.

Jas. What was she ?

Grido. I never saw her sir, but she boyl'd Chestnuts,
 And sold bloat herring in the Leagueur.

Arnold. There are waies left for you to compass

Amadine,

Better then service : you should woe and win her.

Grido. Pray Gentlemen, how doe they use to woe ?

Arn. Why, with fine language.

Grid.

Grid. What's that sir, French?

7af. French is indeed the smoothest and most prof-
perous.

Grido. Alas? I can speak none, but a few words
We use i'th warr, as at our court *de Guard*,
We cry, *Que vala*.

Arnol. That sir, will serve
When you shall meet your Mistress in the darke.

Grido. And then after a battaile *Randee vass*.

7af. That may be us'd sir, when shee's obstinate,
And will not yield to love.

Grid. This is all my fine language.

7af. Women are woo'd with Musick too?

Grid. Will the Drum and Trumpet serve, with sad
songs

Set to'em, to the tune of a dead March?

Arnol. Yes, at the Fun'ral of a Generals wife;
But there is yet another means, they oft
Are woo'd by letters elegantly penn'd.

Grid. I, you are happy that can write and read,
I was taught once to set my marke to a Shoo-makers
Bill.

Enter Castraganio.

Castr. Arnoldo, do's this Soldiers humor last?

Arnol. Still more, hee's grown demurer than
A young *Geneva* Bride; commits Idolatrie
To every Lawndress in the house, and dares
Not speak to'um, but with his hat in's eies.

Castr. Be like the Med'cine hath not wrought; Ile
lead

Him to my Sister: Follow sir, this is
The blessed houre, wherein you shall behold
Faire Amadine, and court her too,

Grid. Good Gentlemen, pray goe and beare mee
out:

But teach me how to weare my Cloak, and when

I should pull on my Gloves. —

Exemir.

Enter Fredeling, Sciolto, Buonateste.

Fred. Wee are undone : I found him lying in
A Poplar shade, with colder thoughts about him,
Than old *Carthusians* have when they are sick,
Less apt for our venerial Love than *Muscovites*
Benighted when they travel on the Ice.

Sciolto. And workes so little with my Son, he stands
Moping and fix'd, as he were to be sold
To a Stone-cutter for a Marble statue.

Buon. My Lord, I'm lost in my astonishment,
Some envious Spirit checks my Art, it was
Not wont to faile the strictest minute given,
To make the virtue and effect appear.

Sciolto. This is the Powder that you priz'd so high,
As 'twere a grated Carbuncle, or that
Long Diamond pounded which the *Sultan* weares upon
his thumb.

Fred. Where's your Phylosophie : your strong
deep Art,
That piercing through the Center, would look down
To Hell, there number all the Fiends, and take
Account, how many load of Coales is every year
Allow'd for their expense ?

Sciolto. Yesfir, and when the Sun
Is blown out by a strong Northerly wind,
You'd undertake agen to light him with
A Torch heav'd up by a long *Jacobs* staffe.

Buon. My Lord, I smile at these vain injuries
You doe to Art, not mee, 'tis fitter for
Your wonder than your mirth ; but take your course.

Fred. Since your great Master *Aristotle* dy'd,
(Who fool'd the drunken Macedon out of
A thousand Talents to buy Books) what have
The multitude ofs learn'd successors done,
Wrote Comments on his works ; light ! I could bear

You

You all, have you so many Ages toyl'd
To interpret what he writ in a few yeares,
Is there yet nothing new, to render benefit
For humane life, or strength in reason for
Our after hopes? Why, doe wee build you Colledges?

Sciolt. Yes, and allow'um Pensions too, that they
May scribble for no end, but to make Paper deare.

Buon. For one unluckie scape in knowledge, must
suffer all this tyranny?

Sciolt. You studie Physick too?

Fred. Hee knowes to cure sick Chickens o'the Pip.

Sciolt. I'ld fain see one of that profession live
Five hundred years without loss of a tooth.

Fred. No Sir, they'l suffer ruine and decay
In their own bodies for examples sake,
That others may fall sick and make'um rich.

Sciolt. Right *Fredeline*, for notwithstanding, all
their Min'rels and their hearbs, wee must be faine
At last to betake our selves to the wide yawne,
Grinning, and the long stretch.

Buon. You make all knowledge
Deception sir, and Cheaters of the learn'd Phyloso-
phers.

Fred. Troth little less, the merry *Fop of Thrace*,
That alwaises laugh'd, pretending, 'twas at vanity;
As, 'twas his disease, going to steale
Mushrooms for his supper, the blew mouth'd Serpent
Skulkd

Under a Dock leaf, and bit him by the thumb,
From whence hee took that laughing Maladie.

Sciolt. And his *Antagonist*, would ever seeme
To weepe out of a pious cause, a fine
Assembling fellow, 'twas not sorrow made him weep.

Buon. No sir, make that appeare.

Sciolt. Ile shew a Manuscript, now kept i'th Vati-
can that proves

Hee

Hee had nine years a Fistula in's eie.

Fred. Meere couz'ners all.

Sciolt. As for *Diogenes*, that fasted much,
And took his habitation in a Tub,
To make the world believe hee lov'd a strict
And severe life, hee took the diet sir,
And in that very Tub, swet for the French disease.

Fred. And some unlearn'd Apothecarie since,
Mistaking's name, call'd it *Cornelius Tub*. (spleens,

Buon. My noble friends, make much still of your
Tickle your selves with strawes, if you want sport,
I shall have my revenge e're long. (Son too:

Sciolt. I think y'have poysn'd the Duke, and my
If it be found, He cut your throat so wide
Open, that when you take your Mornings draught,
You shall goe neer to spill your drinke.

Buon. My Lord, I scorn your calumnies ;
Ile to *Messina*, and contemne you both. (Exit.

Sciolt. My feares mis-give mee *Fredeline* : if he
Should now take horse, and leave us here to own
Histrecherous fact, that were a fine Phylosophie.

Fred. Unless he have the subtle art to flie, we'll
overtake him ;
He shall not stir, untill we know his med'cines quality.

Enter *Theander* like a noble Shepherd.

Thiand. Three wearie circuits of the Sun expir'd,
Fierce *Phylomont* and I shall meet
To know the difference of our Stars, till then
Ile practise Rites of Love : My *Euritheia* must
Not know our anger, nor the cause. Come forth
My Princely Shepherdess, and leave thy Lambs
(Less gentle then thy self) whilst wee a while

Enter *Euritheia* like a Shepherdess
Grow pensive in this gloomy shade.

Eurith. Why should we hide our selves *Thiand* from

The free discoveries of the light, that know
Not guiltiness to cause a bashful fear.

Thebænd. This green and fragrant pallace tempts our
stay,
Here sit, where Nature made the sharper scented Brier,
And luscious Jesmine meet to qualify
And reconcile their diff'rent smels within
The hunnie woodbines weak and slender arms; sit neer-
er, we are

Too remote — how bloudy day quarding in the briar!

Eurith. How, my *Thebænd*, am I still subdu'd
With thy chaste victories upon my heart?
Would heaven had ne're begun these joyes, till it
Had kindly promis'd they should never end.

Thebænd. Yet whilst they last, we'll strive to make
the strict Example of our love, an easie Law, unto the vain fan-
tastick world.

Eunith. The fable Dwarfs,
And lazie Eunuch then (which ate the Spies
And messengers of their blind god) might rest
Upon their quilts at home, for all their toyles
And simple business upon earth should cease.

Thebænd. And that small god himself (who ne're could
tempt wise Poets to increase his stature, or
To mend his eyes, as knowing what
A useles Deity they made) might soon
Go shake his Quiver, and unplume his Shafts.
The influence with which his fond Idolaters
Are giddily inspir'd, is incident to falsehood and to
change.

Eurith. But our affection, Time nor sad distresse
Have power to alter or destroy.

Thebænd. Yet say the furie of some sudden war
Should lead us captive to a cruel Land,

Couldst thou indure the frowns of Destinie,
And be thus beauteous still? When scornful men
Shall ask, where now are all those Persian Looms
Your Lovers flowing wealth employ'd to weave
Your Vestments ever new, when you appear'd
Like gawdie *April* in *Cicillian* Meades,
Or various Tulips in the Ides of *May*?

Eurith. Fear not my love, the homely weeds spun by
The course and heavy finger'd people that
Reside i' th neighbour vale, should well become
My beautie then, since humbled by my thoughts,
The brisk pett Linnet in his russet Feathers flies,
As warm as any Bird of Paradise
With all his painted and his gilded trim.

Theand. But oh! me thinks I hear thy mourning, and
The fawcie Foe demand, where are those Fumes
Of sweet *Affyrian* Nard, wild Cypress Bougns,
And listed Amber of the Southern Sea,
Which ever as you mov'd, *Theander* burnt,
Pretending sacrifice, but 'twas to hide
You in those costly mists, from Rivals eyes.

Eurith. Then with my wiser scorn I shall reply,
For sweets, behold yond' bed of Violets,
That lean and hang their heads together; as
They seem'd to whisper and consult, how to
Preserve their odor to themselves, whilst neer
Each Chrystal brook the jolly Primrose stands
Triumphing on his stalk, as he disdain'd
His hidden root, ambitious to be worn
Within a chaste, although a captives breast.

Theand. Still, still me thinks, this rugged conqueror
Derides thee with his Iron wit, and asks
Where are the whispers of your amorous Lute,
That sooth'd you into slumbers till your dreams
Became your greatest sin.

Eurith. When I shall musick need, Ile say each tree
Doth

Doth entertain a Quire at natures charge :
And what is he dares touch the *Tuscan Lute*,
Whilst in the night he hears the Bird begin
Her pensive notes ; whose feather'd Ancestor the fiery
Tereus wrong'd ?

Theand. And whilst thy days of bondage last, thou
shalt

With artful needle draw in siken Imag'ry,
The stories of our fatal love and learn
Tout-worke that mistick nursery of Maids—*Theander*
The Phrygian Sybill taught. (gazing on her,
(rises and starts.)

Eurith. Ay me, what sudden terror shakes you thus,
Into a wild demeanour of your looks ?

Theand. Such fire as this, I have not felt before,
It boyls my liver, and it burns my heart,
My blood runs flaming till my scorched veins,
Together cur'll like broken treble strings.

Eurith. Tell me, the best of Princes, what's your grief ?

Theand. 'Tis strange ; come *Eurithe* let us walk.

Eurith. Will you divide your troubles from my breast ?
Shall I not know your grief, which though
My pitie cannot remedy, my prayers may ?

Theand. It is a Fire, kindled and bred in Hell :
For it persuades, and warms me to a guilt,
As strange and distant from my knowledge, as
My will ; move on my gentle Love. Oh stay ! go back !
Go back a while, till I've subdu'd my thoughts.

Eurith. Help him sweet Heaven, preserve his reason
safe.—

Theand. Nay, do not weep, those watry obsequies
Serve to lament, not quench such Fun'r'al fire as mine.

Eurith. A Funeral fire ?

Theand. O yes, 'twill burn me after death, though thou
Couldst drop more showers than *April* weeps when

March

K 3

Hath

Hath blown the ruder winds into his eyes ;
Though every tear thou shedd'st were swell'd into
A wave, thou couldst not quench this secret fire.

Eurib. Dear *Theander* !

Thea. Hide, hide thy beauty er'e
Thou speak'st ; put on thy Vail : nay, closer yet — *She*
(vails her self.)

Eurib. You careful Angels that reside above
Can you have business of more grace or need,
Than to consider such a change as this ?

Theander, speak, what may it mean ?

Theand. To name it, were such impudence, as Bawds
And Ravishers cannot attain till they
Are grown long exercis'd, and old.

Eurib. These words are newer than the wondrous
cause

That gives them breath.

Theand. Bold devil, thou imperious flame,
Sure I shall stifle thee at last. Now come
My *Euribia*, lets move on, thy strong
O'recomming beauty clouded thus, we may
Converse, and safely too I hope. Alas,
Why dost thou weep ? O sad, sinister change !
I am resolv'd ; for if my tainted veins
Still harbour this disease, I will not need
Thy anger *Phylomont*, to make me bleed.

Exeunt.

ACT. 4. SCEN. I.

Enter *Buonateste*, *Sciolto*, *Fredeline*.

Buon. Where is the honour of my Science now ?
Are my assertions true ? I told you, though
Their cold unpractis'd constitutions might
For two short hours be an impediment
To our fierce hopes, it could not fail to work.

Sciolto

Sciolto. Magnanimous Rabbin, thou hast conquer'd us,
We yeeld to thy Phylosophy ; I would
Kneel down for expiation of my mis-belief,
But that my joyns are old, and it were troublesome
To rise agen, my fine Magical Mounser,
Be courtly in thy Learning, embrace us, and forgive our
Heresie.

Buon. But are you reconcil'd (with Pious thoughts)
Unto the ancient Sages, and believe their knowledge of
some use ?

Sciolto. They are Right Worshipful,
I rev'rence all their Ghosts ; but for th' old fellow
That walk'd with's Lanthorn to find honest men,
Introth he did an Ancestor of mine
A private wrong, sticks in my stomack yet.

Fred. My Lord, it needs must be so long ago
Your goodnes should perswade your memory
To blot it out ; but pray what wrong could poor
Diogenes afford your Ancestor ?

Sciolto. Why meeting him in a blind Lane, he deny'd
To lend him that Lanthorn, which you know (Signior)
To a Gentleman in silk Stockings, and white Shoos, was
a discurtesie.

Buon. Your Lordships subtle in antiquities,
And have kept a very nice Intelligence.

Sciolto. Well *Fredeline*, this luckie Plot was ours ;
W'have done enough, we now maycombe
Our heads, stroke 'um, strew 'um o're with Nutmegs
To gratifie our brains, then lay 'um up
To sleep. Hast thou convers'd with the good *F.*
Since he did feel the med'cine in his blood ?

Fred. O Sir, the Ice is melted that hath kept his veins
So frozen and condenc'd ; he must find out,
That Nature made a woman for some use
More consequent, than to converse with and admire :
Besides, this our belov'd and knotty Sophister

Hath fill'd me with such potent arguments,
Divine and Moral, to perswade the Rites
Of Marriage, wise, and seemly too, as he
Shall needs consent in's reason and his will,
That he was once begotten, and must now beget.

Sciolt. Th'ast drawn this Circle with my own com-
And rais'd a spirit in't *Agrippa's* self, (paff',
Were he alive, could not allay.

Fred. Nay more, by my appointment Sir, there
waits

A Priest, at th'chappel door, who just upon
The nick of his conversion may appear,
And tye that mystick knot; which *Eurithaea*, though
She pick it with her little fingers, and
Her Bodkin, hardly will unloose agen.

Sciolt. Exquisite *Fredeline*, I hear the *Dose*
I gave my Son, hath turn'd him from a tame
Souldier to a town' Bull; I will go seek
Him strait, and find some means t'appease his am'rous
wrath.

Fred. Philosopher, we two must seal a brother hood;
Come, let me shake thy Hebrew and thy Greek
Transcribing Fist: Not all thy Leathern, nor
Thy Vellum friends, those dead companions on
Thy shelves, shall be more faithfull to thee than
Thy humble *Fredeline*.

Buon. Though my own studies Sir,
Be solemn and profound, I honour a
Good Wit, and can be tickled with pure Fancie
As well as youthful Poets in their Wine;
Yours I have plac'd in my first choice.

Fred. Ah my Philosopher! if thy almighty Art could
do one courtesie,
In my behalf, I'd fill thy Standish with
My heart blood, ere thou shouldst want Ink to write,
And leave thy wisdom to the world.

Sciolt.

Buon.

Buon. But name it Sir ; we that are rich in treasure of the mind,

Like others wealthy in their gold, do of't
Preserve the best and chiefest part conceal'd.

Fred. Couldst thou by some rare subtle compound
work

On Nature so, that whom I lov'd might be
Inforc'd to make return of an affection hot
And violent as mine, me thinks I see
A cheerful answer in thy looks, be kind,
And speak some comfort e're I faint.

Buon. This may be done.

Fred. How, how? my sage immortal friend?

Buon. You are in love?

Fred. Platonically Sir, no otherwise.

Buon. Fie, fie ! profess a friendship, and presume
To gull me with a Ladies Paradox ?
Do not I know what that imports ?

Fred. Well Sir, you that have skill t'interpret all
The Eastern tongues, may mannage my weak words
Into what sense you please.

Buon. If you expect redress, the Mistris whom
You love must grow familiar to my sight,
That I may studie her complexion, and
Her years, then mark which way her soul's inclin'd.

Fred. I know 'twill be as safe a secret in
Your knowledge as in mine, 'tis *Euritheia*.—

Buon. I thank you much, not for the trust you put
Into my brest, but for your brave ambition, Sir,
For I affect great Spirits like great Wits :
But give me leave to ask.

Fred. I will prevent you Sir, for I presume
You'll but demand what others privie to
My bold design have question'd twice, why I
Thus toil to make *Theander* marry her,
Since by my hopes prescrib'd for mine own bed ?

Buon.

Buon. You gues my wonder to the full.

Fred. My other Instruments I thought too thick
And heavie soul'd, to merit knowledge of
This mysterie, but you have reason Sir, and shall be sa-
tisfi'd.

Buon. Signior, I wear your praise as my best dignity.

Fred. Pray listen then. If I should think t' enjoy
Her by the tame and formal title of
A Wife, I were but simply gull'd by my
O'reweening, and too fawcie Ignorance,
As knowing well my birth, my fortune, and
My years make me unfit for such a hope ;
Yet it is apt she marry too : and why ?
That she may taste man, for Sir, in this cold
And frozen life of her virginity ,
There is no means to prosper my desires ;
But when she comes to relish Man, whose warm
Contraction makes her thaw, then like a Spring
Too long imprisond in her Ice, she'll spread
Into a lib'ral stream, that ev'ry thirsty Lover may
Carouse, untill his heat be quench'd.

Buon. 'Tis subtilty said ; but Signior, now suppose
The Wedding past, have you no other means
To prosecute your love ?

Fred. More cunning and sublime !
My deep designments have contriv'd, before
His bridal kisses cool upon her lips ,
He shall grow jealous of her chastitie.
This Sir, is certain as the nights
Succession to the day, and well you know ,
Shee that finds her husband jealous without cause ,
Will lye Perdu untill she give him one.

Buon. Thy bold ambition and thy wit, indeer'd
Thee first unto my thoughts, but now I find
Thee deeply read in Lovers Polliticks ;
The lustful Priests of *Paphos* might have been
Disciples to thy skill. How I affect

Mis-

Mischief, when manag'd by a brain, can lead
And usher it in new untrodden waies ?

Fred. But will you make this compound sir ?

Buon. It shall be strait prepar'd, which e're you sleep
You must receive into your nostrill by a fume
Made on a little fire of *Cassia* roots ; then gaze
On her to morrow but two minutes space,
Until your am'rous Optick spirits by
A secret transmutation steal into
Her eyes, and straight the work is crown'd. *Enter The-*

Fred. I am oblied to sacrifice my life : (ander-
The Duke is come, away. It is not fit
Your friendship should be yet begun ; goe to
Your Limbeck dear Phylosopher. *Exit Buon*

Theand. Leisure, and drowfie floath, did first beget.
These crooked and abortive thoughts : they are
The progenie of ease. What doe I heere ?
When I had busines in the campe they ne're
Durst tempt mee in my idlest dreams : But oh !
They have o'recome my nature, and my strength !
If there be remedies, Ile chuse the best.

Fred. This morne your excellency was pleas'd to
think
My councels, learn'd, and requisite ; I wish
Your wise opinion may not change her faith ;
There waits a Priest within will give a sweet
And sudden cure to your disease.

Theand. I thank you sir, have you acquainted *Phylo-*
mont

With my desire of peaceful conference ?

Fred. He will obey you sir — look where he comes.

Enter Phylomont.

Phyl. Sir I am told: you wish'd me here on some
Affaire may much concern us both, and that
Our meeting should be ful of equall courtesie.

Theand. Sir, I have done you wrong, and made
mine eyes Severe

Severe Inquisitors to find your faults,
But vayld them when they look'd upon mine own:
I'm grown less temp'rate than your self, something
I feel, which to extenuate with civility
I'd name, unruliness of youth, though I
Was won't to call't a Sir.

Phyl. O, is it come to this? Ile cashiere my new
levy'd troops,
Wee'll kill no Souldiers sir, there's hope wee may beget
Some now. *Theander*, speak? Shall wee preserve
Our Ensignsfolded, and proclaim a peace?

Theander. My Sister you shall marry, *Phylomont*.
Phyl. I thank you Sir, most heartily: You, if
You please, shall marry mine, and then do with
Her what you list; for Ile make bold with yours.

Fred. This Duke is one of *Plato's* Hereticks.
Theander. How e're our inward inclinations are
Most sulphurous and foule, let us (I pray)
Inforce a little vertue from Hypocrisie,
And hide it from external view.

Phyl. *Theander*, I was bred under as chaste
And modest Discipline as any Prince alive;
And can affect a Lovers tenderness,
And decencie of speech, but not to know
The order, and the course of things were fond
Unmettal'd Ignorance. Is't not the custome Sir,
That wee must marry first, and then to Bed?

Theander. To Bed, that is to sleep.
Phyl. Right, if the Bridegroom Sir be mad, sleep is
His Med'cine then; I'm sober, I thank heaven,
And know my busines, your Sister shall find it.

Theander. All this is news to mee, either thou knowst
Too much, or I have thought a vertue what
More pregnant men, may terme a dull mistake;
It cannot be, I have a strange instinct
That gives me pleasure in my former faith.

Phyl.

Phyl. Injoy it still, your life and motion sir,
You can preserve by immateriall fire,
We that are forc'd to keep our spirits warme
In flesh and blood, must be content to live
As other mortals doe.

Theand. I prethee let's dispute it bashfully;
Yet I would learn, is custom grown so bold?
First marry Phylomont, and strait to bed!

Phyl. To bed, that's as you said to sleep; and then
Tween sleep and waking sir, to touch, as 'twere
By chance, not purpose, and so fall into
You guesst the rest.

Theand. Enough, I heare no more.

Phyl. But where's your Sister: I would fain dispatch.

Theand. Conduct him to her, Fredeline; this Key
Will open you the way, if I shall need
Her pardon to excuse m'unskilfulness,
Intreat it for mee sir,

Phyl. It shall be easily attain'd.

Fred. This is a service I have much desir'd to do
your excellency.

Phyl. Signior, you have deserv'd my thanks.

Exeunt. Phyl. Fred.

Theand. This noble youth was by the general voice
Held most exact and heavenly in the whole
Demeanor of his life, his judgments
Of late defil'd, or what I feel is no
Rebellion of my reason; but my strength,
Not a disease, but some odd sawciness

Enter Eurithaea vayl'd.
Of health, which hee doth merrily command.
Behold my faire Caphusian now appears,
Whose purer thoughts and beauty soon will turne
This new opinion to an heresie.

Eurith. I was perswaded sir, thus vayl'd, to wait
On your commands.

Thean.

Thean. Tis now (sweet *Eurithen*) in thy power
To shew a mercie that may save my life,
Slaves that are chain'd unto the heavie Oare,
Who labour till they chafe the restless waves
Into a foame, are not inthrall'd like mee.

Eurith. Can you believe my Lord, your griefs are so
Contracted to your self, so slow and lame
With their sad weight; that in this tedious space
They here could travel to my heart?
Know they have made a visit here, here they
Are lodg'd; and I could wish (though strangers much
Unwelcom'd at the first) they never would
Return from whence they came.

Thean. Thou art too pittifull; but be so still,
That I may flatter my oppressions with
Some hope, if not with remedy, grant a
Request which I unwillingly must urge,
And thou shalt faintly heare

Eurith. Why doe I languish with delates? callst not
(*Theander*) a request, but a command,
And justly confident reveale it straig.

Thean. O that we could
Exchange intelligence with our dumbe thoughts,
And make our meaning knowne e're it should need
The tongue. I cannot, dare not nam't.

Eurith. You wrong th'unblemish'd vertue of your
soule,
Your contemplation never could create
A busines so deform'd, as riot deserves
To be deliver'd by your voice, I sigh,
And mourtne untill I heare't.

Thean. If I must speak, I would some Northern frost
That purifies the morn's infected mists, would purge
My breath, e're it arrive unto thine eare.
Poor *Eurithen*, you must marry me.

Eurith. Is't this, that so hath vex'd your utterance?
More

More willingly than I would leave the black
And footie Caves, where Fiends reside, to walk
I'th fragrant dwellings of the blest : Lead on,
Be cheerful, and recall your health, your own
Domestick Priest, with ceremonious Rites
Will quickly perfect your desire—

Thean. So willingly ! stay *Eurith,* can you guesse
th' intent
Of what you wold perform, of many new
And undiscover'd trials you shall make
Of things, we had not courage yet to learn ;
Darke dee's, and practis'd in the night, which when
Our hastie youth shall aske our wisdome leave,
May seem perhaps convenient, but not good.

Eurith. Why should I make my meditation judge
Of what your better knowledge hath resolv'd ?
Thus I unvayle, to tell the world I dare
I'th open interview of light, approve
And justifie your worst and secret thoughts.

Theander, lead the way.

Theander. O cruel stars ! I shall betray a Virgin now,
whose innocence
Is so extream, it yields and turnes to guilt ? (make,

Eurith. Why doe you stay my Lord, and strive to
Or find new sorrowes, ere the old are lost.

Theander. Leave me my gentle Love ; I will not goe,
Nor tell the cause : Would thou wer't wicked as
My self a while, that thou mightst know't : my eyes
Grow sick ; 'tis not secure to weare
Thy beauties thus display'd.

Eurith. Alas, these are but couz'ning forms, there is
No truth in your delays ; I know you spoke
In the sincereness of your soul, when you
Profess'd our marriage would assist your minds
Recoverie. *Theander,* come.

Theander. Dull Fate ! where is the vigour that I
show'd

When

When our lowd Cannon seem'd to stifle the
Affrighted day with smoke, and Rivers flow'd
Themselves into a new extent, swelling
Their tides with humane blood? In Lovers soft
And simple war, I'm weaker than a child.

Eurith. Still more delays! you kill me if you stay.

Theand. Shee is resolv'd, her better Angel sure
Is ever by her side, no danger then
Can harbour where she goes, and yet I blush
As I should need her vayle to hide my shame
E're I commit the Sin—lead you the way.

Eurith. This is a strange command! here, follow sir.

Theand. Thou little, though imperious God of love,
(Warmely inthron'd within thy mothers lap;) How wilt thou sit and smile when thou shalt see
To sooth thy wantonness, and swell thy pride,
The Bridegroom woo'd, and usher'd by the bride?

Eurith. I will not follow a Platonick Duke,

Exeunt.

Enter Gridonell, Castraganio, Arnoldo, Jaspéro.

Grid. I will not follow a Platonick Duke,
So tell him sir, I am inspir'd, and know
The meaning of the word.

Castr. Be not so furious sir, I'm of your Sect,
Unles he suddenly recant, I am
Resolv'd sooner to serve the great Turke.

Grid. The Turke! Is he platonically given?

Castr. Troth sir, not much; bee hath some seven
hundred

Of those taff'rie creatures you admire so, in's own house?

Grid. Would I were the great Turke
But for one Month, yet 'tis a chargeable place,
Hee cann't spend leis then a Collonels pay
In Pins among these Damsels, besides Muffes,
And fine white Gloves! Poor Gentleman, he lives
At a great rate. *Castraganio*, a word—takes him aside

Castr.

Castr. Be not so boisterous sir, the Powder workes
strangely.

Grid. Fetch mee your Sister hither strait.

Castr. But for what purpose?

Grid. What's that to you. I've occasion to use
her.

Something I must doe, I know not what 'tis,
But I begin to feel shee will be very
Convenient for mee at this time.

Castr. If you'l agree upon the wedding houre?

Grid. How long then must I stay?

Castr. Till a License be brought from *Palermo*,
And the Priest have done his office.

Grid. I have not patience to expect till then,
Goe bring her hither strait; dispatch,
Or Ile weare out my Fist upon your smooth coun-
enance.

Castr. You are too rude, I'le leave you sir. *Exit.*

Grid. Deny me such a poor request? 'tis an
ill natur'd Rogue! Come hither *Jaspero*, have you a
Sister?

Jasp. Yes, and a pretty one, I thank my Stars.

Grid. Fetch her to me instantly, I cannot stay.

Jasp. You must have patience till her Nurse have
made

Her ready sir.

Grid. Her Nurse, what does she with a Nurse?

Jasp. Shee is at suck, and hardly six months old.

Grid. At suck! nay, if she lye at that poor Ward,
Sipping of milke, she is not for my turne.

Arnoldo? preethie fetch mee thine.

Arnol. I would be glad to doe my friend a cour-
tesie.

Would you had spoke in time, for sir, introth shee's

Grid. I doe not like a dead commoditie. (dead.

Well Gentlemen, you must each stand Sentinel

L

Close

Close at the Laundry dore, and bring mee the
First prize, no words, it must be done.

Arnol. Gladly, we love th'imploym't sir.

Gaspe. This Soldier has din'd with the devill lately,
And fed on Sea-Coale Cakes, hee's vildly alter'd —

Ex. Gaspe. Arnol.

Grid. I'm wondrous hot within ; my guts are dry'd
To a bundle of match ; and I breath Gunpowder.
What have I done of late, where have I bin ? Let me
consider it —

Enter Sciolto.

Sciolto. Hah ! Melancholly, Son ; thy Corporall
would

Look merrier when he see's his Feather worne
I-th' Enemies hat, and's Knapfack without bread,
Tell mee, what do'st thou want ?

Grid. Something that you may help mee to ; you
sir

Are old, and well experienc'd in the world.

Sciolto. And thou shalt have it then : tell mee what
is't ?

Grid. Why sir, a wench.

Sciolto. How boy ! make me your pimp !
Doe not vex mee, you shall know I could fight in my
Youth.

Grid. I Sir, any man will fight for a wench.

Sciolto. You will provoke me, get you in, and give
Attendance to *Theanders* marriage rites, tis straight
to be perform'd.

Grid. Alas, I dare not goe ; there is a cause not fit
to be told.

Sciolto. You know what's fit ! y'had best to tell it me.
Speak, what's the cause you dare not goe ?

Grid. Sir, I should ravish the Bride.

Sciolto. Are you so eager bent ? Rare Phylosopher !

Grid. If I but see a Priest, and a Maid by,

Thought

Though her dowrie be but a Silver Thimble,
And a skein of Silke, I shall beat him sir,
Unless hee doe his office strait, and marrie us.

Sciolt. Hah ! Tis high time to weare mine eyes
open.

Hee may chance in this mad fit, contract himself
To some Inheretrix that's landed on
The High-way, whose Father sels fine Crab-sticks,
And hazle nuts to riding Citizens.
Come Son, this Key must lock you up; you shall
Remain a Prisoner in my Chamber till you grow more
tame.

Grid. Ile not be taken Prisoner sir, by any man
alive.

Sciolt. Nor yet obey your Father, you : you'l not
Inforce mee draw my Sword ?

Grid. No sir, you had not best.

Sciolt. D'youthreaten boy ! not best to draw my
sword ?

Grid. No sir, for feare you sprain your arme : these
weake

Old fellows know not what's good for u'm.

Sciolt. Sirra go in, one disobedient word, and I will
dif-inherit thee.

Grid. My Lord, Ile yield, but if you would but lock
Faire *Amadine* a prisoner i'th same room.

Sciolt. Thou traitor, get thee in.

Grid. Perhaps she would be willing sir,

Sciolt. Go in I say.

Exit.

Enter *Phylomont*, and *Ariola*.

Phyl. Let me a while contain thee in mine armes
(Belov'd *Ariola*) the force of Indian winds
That shake the aged Cedar from his root
Shall not divide us now. *Ariol.* Here I would stay
(My valiant *Phylomont*) till death should wave
His dart, and becken us to follow him

Unto the hidden shades, till he should make
By angry power these kind embraces cold.

Phyl. How sad and dismal sound the farewels which
Poor Lovers take, whom destiny dis-joynes,
Although they know their absence will be short;
And when they meet agen, how musical!
And sweet, are all the mutuall joyes they breath?

Ariol. Like Birds, who when they see the wearie
Sun

Forsake the world, they lay
Their little penfive heads beneath their wings,
To ease that weight which his departure adds unto their
grief.

Phyl. 'Tis true my love: but when
They see that bright perpetual traveller
Return, they warm and aire their Feathers at
His beams, and sing untill their gratitude
Hath made them hoarse.

Ariol. My Brother I request may be forgiven, and
call not my
Restraint his cruelty, t'hath mended me
Within, and fill'd mee with such bless'd designes,
As will deserve your wonder and your thanks.
Forgive him *Phylomont.*

Phyl. Our friendship is
Restor'd, which thus I will confirm with vowes
Upon thy sacred hand, but surely it
Were better ratifi'd upon thy baulmie lip,
Which after absence, decent custome will,
Allow to those, who are delighted when they meet.

Ariol. Your vertues have such great and safe
Authority, they cannot aske what's fit to be deny'd—
be kisses her.

Phyl. This seems (me thinks) a new
Demeanor, shee is alter'd much, more free

And kind than she was wont.

Ariol. Why dost thou ruminate aside, as if
Thy Meditation were too guilty, or too great to be
reveal'd.

Phyl. Give me (thou precious darling of my
heart)

The privilege to doubt a little, and
Resolve me strait; why are thy courtesies
So great now, and so easily attain'd,
Which heretofore thou didst deprive mee of
With frowns, and strict behaviour of thy brow?

Ariol. It shall be ever thus, my passion, and
My thoughts are chang'd as *Enrithea* with
My Brother lives, so shall our conyversation take
All liberty, and our salutes be far
More amorous and bold, though virtuous still.

Phyl. This bounty had been excellent, when you
Had privilege to give, or to deny; but now
Your charter's out of date, and mine
Begins to rule: the Priest attends below
To celebrate our Nuptial rites, which is
The happy hour that doth advance
The husbands government; come to the Chappell,
Love.

Ariol. A little p'wse; what need wee marry sir?
I lately was instructed to
A clearer choice of our felicitie: is it not better to live
thus, in a
perfection that we know than to attempt
New joyes, which our unskilfulness should
Make us doubt? this is the Angels life;
My Brother told me so, and then he breath'd
such holy Lectures as have prosper'd much upon my
soule

Phyl. Not marry (my *Ariola*?) is that the fatal
word?

Take heed how you are sooth'd into a strange and fond
belief.

Ariol. Your caution (Sir) is only needfull to
Your self, can you desire a blessing more
Exact than this we may posses, to live
In everlasting confidence of what
We do, yet still embrace, and love, although
In persons not conjoyn'd, united in our souls?

Phyl. These are but trivial documents, alas
I'm hardly taught, thus rashly to renounce
What all the wiser world have taken so
Long leisure to approve, besides, *Ariol,*
You much mistake your Brother, for just now
I saw him married, the deeds past, these hands
Gave, and presented him to *Hymen's* use,
And hee's preparing for my Sisters bed.

Ariol. Your Sisters bed! (gentle my Lord) beware
How you confir a calumnie, which all
Your Orizons and mine, to help them can't excuse
heaven.

Phyl. Let me conduct you to him, and your eyes
Shall witness my assertion for a truth.

Ariol. No sir, if he be guilty grown, I shall
Not wish to see him so; can he recant
Thus soon, the fair Religion he did preach
With all the fervency of minde?

Phyl. Do hot lament, Th' example you should rather follow, than
Accuse: come, my *Ariol,* like him
Wee'l marry too, our wisdom shall perswade us to't.

Ariol. Some wicked spirit strives Sir to betray
Us both: make tryal of this new
Unusuall happiness a while, live, and
Converse beneath the spreading Poplar for
Our shade, and for variety wee'l sit
On yonder Rivers flowry banks.

Phyl. There whisper till wee court him to delay
His journey to the Sea, and swell, untill
He leave his scalie deaf inhabitants
Upon the Shore, as tribute to our Loves.

Ariol. I, *Phylomont*, these are the guiltless sports.

Phyl. Fine holy dreams indeed, but cannot last,
You and I must marry, 'tis resolv'd.

Ariol. Banish that thought, or I will take my leave
And be estrang'd for ever from thy sight.
But when reclaimd, seek me i'th mirtle Grove.

Phyl. Stay, fair *Ariola*, my reason sure must laugh
At this subjection of my faith, but I
Will on, freedome and kind addresses shee
Hath still assur'd; come follow me like an
Unwilling Profelite, I slowly move
To try the pleasures of Platonick Love. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Amadine, Fredeline with a Paper, and
Castragario.*

Amad. Dispatch Sir, it grows late, my Lady will
Expect I wait on her to bed, th'intelligence
I bring, is full of certainty and truth:
Make your advantage oft with your best skill.

Fred. Wilt thou adventure *Amadine*, 'tis but
(At worst) the forfeiture of thy poor service,
Which ile requite with giving thee young *Gridonel*
To be thy Husband, and to rule; my plots
Have so design'd, why did I order't else
That he should take the Med'cine which hath forc'd
Him to such Feminine attempts?

Amad. Indeed hee's growne more bold with me
of late,
And will come fairly on in time.

Fred. O doubt it not, can my experienc'd head stu-
die in vain?
Captain, my indeed'd friend, will you forsake
Me now, when such a ripe occasion shewes

It self, to give success unto my hopes ?
Your sister is content to hazard all

Castr. Tis full of danger sir.

Fred. I will be there my self, and stand between
Your person and his wrath.

Castr. Tis certain loss sir, of my company.

Fred. How ? what's a company that brings as frail
Reynew, and uncertain, as our purchases
At dice, who d live, and be maintain'd by others deaths ?
Look here, just now I caus'd him signe this grant,
The Provostship of *Necosia* newly voyd,
Which being under's hand and seale confirm'd,
No new relapse of favour can recall
The gift. You see your name here sir carv'd out
In Roman Characters ; the seat but done,
Ile put it in your hand, then strait you may
Take horse, ride post unto your government,
Your Sister with you, on some Parsons strong
Tall double Gelding sir, kept in my stable for
That use ; and then laugh at your Patron till he sicken at
your mirth.

Amad. But shall my Husband Elect follow us ?

Fred. And ride as swiftly as a Scythian from a battel
lost.

Amad. In my weak judgement Brother, our re-
wards are faire,
I am resolv'd to venture it.

Castr. Early i th morning sir ?

Fred. Just at the first appearance of the light.
The dore I told you of, must be the place.

Castr. You will be there protected with your
sword ?

Fred. A Captain, and raise doubts, that sound like
Come sir, all shall be safe. You to your Lady. (fear
Let's meet i th upper lobby two houres hence,
And there consult. My Chymick fume I have

fel.

Al

Already tane, if that succeed, and this
Plot thrive, I will require no more from my
Uncertain Fate, nor Art, whose usual scope,
Is but to pay leard industry with hope. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Theander, Eurithebe, a Table, stools, and
lights set out.*

Theand. Husband, and Wife, we have a calling now ;
Shews it not strange, disquieting thy tender ears
With sounds th'are unacquainted with ? Titles
(Me thinks) that yet we know not how to wear,
We should be taught behaviour, and some forms
Of gravity, are they not youthful, *Eurithebe* ?

Eurith. My Lord, I am more ignorant than you :
If we have ventur'd upon errors, wee'l
Conceal them, and forgive our selves.

Theand. Her beauty kindles in my brest new fires,
Before the old are quench'd ; wise *Fredeline*
Told me, our marriage would procure my remedie,
Alas ! the cure's to come, and now I must
Require't as custome, or a duty from her ;
In my nice thoughts 'twill teach her impudence.
O curs'd disease ! What shall I doe ?

Eurith. *Theander*, you are still perplex'd, I thought
The holy Priest had a Mysterious power
To make these troubles cease. Did you not vow
Our Nuptials was the means to save your life ?

Theand. To Bed, my *Eurithebe*, it is late.
They say the married pair are incident
To cares, 'tis fit then they should sleep, prethee
To bed ; shall I go call thy woman ?

Eurith. My Lord, you are not kind : the tedious hours
I could contract to Minutes in your company,
And waste them faster then our village girlies
That dance in Meadows all the Month of *May*.
Ile take my leave, yet boldly too,
Withall the solemn sweetnes of a Bride — *Kisses*

My

My Lord, good-night

Theand. I am inflam'd agen; did she not take her leave, and say

Good-night? Then whither must I go?

One bed I thought kind *Hymen* had allow'd

To both, since by his God-head we are made

But one; thus it is generally receiv'd: stay *Euritheia*, we must talk.

Enter Amadine

Amad. Madam, your Beds's prepard, shall I undress Your Ladiship, or the Bridegroom first?

I'th Province where I liv'd, we us'd to call

A dozen apron Squires t'uncloath the Husband,

Then sow him in a Sheet, and lay him on his Pillow

Tamely, to expect the Bride two hours before she came.

Eurith. Wench, thou art mad! D'y you understand her

Theand. A little, *Euritheia*, Do not you? (Sir

Eurith. She talks as it were fit we two.

Amad. Should lie together, that's my meaning Madam.

Eurith. Hence, and leave us, immodest fool.

Amad. I knew t'would come to this---*Fredeline*, will Find my words true, the morning may perhaps Make ye both Melancholly. *Exit.*

Eurith. This wench, *Theander* hath been fam'd for I doubt she hath experience too in things (wit; Not decent for th' observance of a Maid.

Theand. Alas, she talks but what she hears, and in Her understanding seems proper and fit!

Eurith. That we should sleep together in one bed,

Theand. Indeed it sounds most strangely to us yet, But use will dull those scruples to the ear; It must be done, custome will be obey'd.

Eurith. Never by us. Wee'l live to be examples, Not Sir to follow those, we cannot like.

Theand. Consider gentle Love, ere you believe Your own opinions best. Why did we marry?

Eurith.

Eurith. That's easily resolv'd, I thought *Theander*,
Some wild sad jealousie had vex'd thy heart
With fear of rialfhip, and by this sacred band
Thou wouldst secure and tie me to thy self,
More safely to destroy anothers hope,
Though these were needless doubts. I never gave
You cause to hold my love in your suspect.

Theand. Thou doft mistake my griefs, it hath a cause
More foul, which I'd acquaint thee with, if it
Were comely to reveal't, but since I have
Betray'd and led thy guiltless feet into
This sacred snare, 'tis fit t' avoid the scorns
Which singularity, and overbashful
Nicesnes will beget; wee'l live as others do,
As much i'th practises of night, as day.

Eurith. O *Theander*! the sweetnes of thy soul
Is sowl'd, like *Cretan* Wines that are too excellent
To last; my blood thou haft to water turn'd,
And I shall soon consume it all in tears.

Theand. Go *Euritheia* to thy bed, sleep like
A Virgin not a wife, be by thy own
Embraces warm'd, Injoy thy bosome to
Thy self, away! haste to thy bed, I to
My grave, and let my Coffin lye
Ungarnish'd in the earth, come not to strew
It o're with flowers: I am so pestilent
That I should blast thee after death.

Eurith. *Theander* stay! Who knows but heaven may
Such mighty blessings to my speech that strait (give
I may perswade thee from thy guilty thoughts?

Theand. Never: my brest is now become
The burning prison of the Fiends, it is
So sulpherous and hot, me thinks they find
Their punishment increas'd, and would to cool
Themselves, return unto their former hell.

Eurith. O direful extasie! can I hear this and live?
Theand.

Theand. I'll tell thee more, to make thee fly
With some kind Angels borrow'd wings, from this
Infected Region where I breath. Know all
Our marriage vows (which certainly were first
Ordain'd for holy use) I meerly took,
As formal helps to my pernicious lust.

Eurib. Yet stay, in this short tyranny of time,
Thou canst not be so sinful grown, as to despise
My pitie and my prayers too ! O stay.

Theand. I dare not, for thine eyes augment my smart,
Each small neglected beam they shed,
I gather up in flames, and quite pervert
Their vertuous influence to a lustful fire.

Eurib. Thou lost remainder of the noblest Prince,
The active War, or wiser Courts e're knew,
How do I blush to find my groans and sighs,
Have left me breath enough to speak my last
Farewell ? *Theand.* How far is it to heaven, that yet
This Ladies mournings are not heard, for if
They were, my sufferings and my guilt would cease ;
Or cannot our petitions climb, and get
Access as nimblly as our faults ? O this
Is it that so emboldens vex'd humanity,
Makes us complain, those undiscern'd
Immortal governors are often in
Their bounty slow, in Justice too severe,
And give not what we beg, but what we fear. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 5. SCEN. I.

Enter Theander, Fredeline.

Theand. My gladness doth o'recome me *Fredeline*,
Some kind celestial power hath physick'd me
With immaterial balm, the sickness of
My blood is gone, my hot and eager thoughts
Grow temp'rat now, my veins are cool within,

As

XUM

As silver Pipes replenish'd from a Spring.

Fred. It seems the Philosophers Dose hath done
Working, 'tis well he is already married;

Theand. O I am light, more nimble then a Dove,
Or empty Eagles in their mornings flight;
Me thinks this sinful vestment of my flesh
Shows clean and new upon my soul, now I
Shall sleep agen, and have such guiltless dreams,
As I may tell my mother when I wake.

Fred. 'Tis strange the operation should decay
So soon; some few hours hence my subtle Fume
Will govern in mine eyes: and there I hope
Continue longer then his lust hath done with him.

Theand. I'm thinking *Fredeline* how *Eurithea* will
Rejoyce, when she shall find what mastery
Her holy friends above have wrought in my behalf.

Fred. 'Tis now neer birth of day, and as I told
You Sir, to find her pensive in her bed,
To draw her Curtains, and reveal your self,
Quite alter'd and recove'rd in your minde,
Will by the sudden wonder much augment
Her joy. *Thean.* It must be full of pleasure shew the way

Fred. That's her Chamber Sir, but through a back
(Unless her careful woman hinder us) (door
By a strong bolt) I can convey you to her without noise;
Make me your guide, and move to your right hand.

Theand. I shall be welcom'd and admir'd, as I
Had made my visit from a Region so
Remote, that my return would be no more
Believ'd, then from the grave—

Fred. Here I injoyn'd my Captain and his Sister stand
conceal'd.

If he should prove too cowardly for such
A guilt, I were undone—Sure that's his voice.

Enter Castragano (in a night gown unready) & Amadine?
Castr. They both are come, speak louder *Amadine*,

He

He cannot hear us else.

Thean. Hah ! who are these ?

Fred. They come from *Euritheas* Chamber, Sir,
Lets retire to the *Arras*, and listen to their talk —

Amad. Brother take heed how you discourse
And boast of your access, *Theander* would
Go neer to kill us both, if he but knew
Of this nights revelling.

Castr. Dost think I wear my tongue so slipp'ry in
My mouth, these are not pleasures fit to be (*Amad.*
Reveal'd : away, w'have said enough ? *Ex. Castr. &*

Fred. They have observ'd the language I prescrib'd,
To the strictness of a Sillable.

Theand. Sure he did urge my name ; and spoke as it
Concern'd my Justice to destroy 'em both.
Who are they, thou know'it 'em *Fredeline* ?

Fred. My indeer'd friend : can you be guilty of
Such close night exercise ?

Theand. Who is thy friend ? death on thy courteous
fears ?

Why dost conceal't so long ? What is he call'd ?

Fred. Were he my brother, and thus injur'd you,
My secrecie should never make him safe.

'Tis *Castragano* and his sister *Amadine*,
She that attends upon your wife.

Theand. My wife : that title's new, and will grow
horrid now !

Her Chamber was their Sphere of revelling :
They came from thence.

Fred. Can you think so my Lord ?

Theand. Why dost thou strive to lessen my belief,
With wearing such disguises on thine own ?
Thou saw'it they came from thence.

Fred. Sir, if they did, that can infer no cause,
To make your reason so disquieted ;
Are there not many of these *Tiffany*

Young

Young kerchiefs people that will have their lovers in
Their Ladies Chamber whilst she sleeps?

Theand. Her Lover *Fredeline* thou wouldst beguile
My jealousie with hopes impossible:
It is her brother, think on that.

Fred. Can Incest seem so strange to your conceit?
The sooner Sir, for by that means th'are sure
T'increase th'alliance, of those children which
They get, and make them more a kinn unto themselves;
But if the gentle *Euritheia* you
Suspect (as be it far from my dull thoughts
To raise a sawcy fear) let me kill him—

Theand. Go, follow strait: bring me his heart, that I
May see it pant and bleed within my hand.
Kill him, his sister too: Yet stay, stay *Fredeline*:
'Tis not the custome of my soul, to be
Reveng'd by Deputie, or fix my anger where
There is not equall strength and valour to incoun-
ter it.

Fred. But Sir, if he should live
To prattle in his Wine, and boast what he hath done?

Theand. Go then, take care thou see him strait im-
barqu'd,
And let some cunning Pilot steer him to
A coast so wild and distant from this Clime,
That's language never may be understood?
Not to secure my fame, but in a piteous tendernes
To *Euritheas* Sex. False *Euritheia*!
When I had purg'd my memory of all
My raw unwholsome thoughts, could'st thou de-
file't

Agen with acting what I but unwillingly desir'd?

Fred. 'Tis worth my poor vexation too,
When I consider how the scornful, that
Malign'd the pure celestial sect of
Lovers, which you mutually conspir'd

To

To raise, will smile when they shall heare of this,
And say, 'twas but an old *Platonick* trick.

Theand. Leave me, and see him suddenly imbarqu'd

Fred. Sir, your command shall be obey'd ; but I
Beseech you not proceed to danger, on
These weak unlucky doubts.

Theand. This was the cause she did dissuade me from
Her bed, that she might make another room,
Most virgin-like pretending 'twas a crime to aske
A husbands priviledge : prethee leave me.

Fred. I dare not yet my noble injur'd Prince. *Exeunt*

Enter Castragano, and Amadine.

Cast. I'm glad the danger's past : It had been hard
To teach me venture it, but that the Provostship
Was a most powerfull baite.

Ama. And then to make the rich young *Gridonel*
my husband too,
For all his plots are sure.

Cast. But that which perfected
My confidence, was thy assurance of
The Ladye's easie inclination to
Forgive ; for as thou told'st me, if the worst
Succeed, and we should be constrain'd to tell
The truth, she'll pitty young beginners, that
Are forc'd to hazard a little honesty
To make 'em rich, and is able to
Procure *Theanders* pardon as her own.

Amad. You may presume it and rejoice, for I
Have felt her breast ; 'tis soft and tender as a Pellicans.

*Enter Fredeline, with a Parchment writing,
and Pocket Inkburne.*

Fred. My noble Captain, and my precious friend, :
I will not name what lasting gratitude,
Your cares and courage have oblieg'd me to :
Men that are hearty and sincere come late
With promises, and early with their deeds.

Cast.

Cast. I hope sir, though our dialogue were short,
We utter'd your meaning in your own words.

Amad. My voice was valiant too, and lowd enough.

Fred. All was exacter then my hopes desir'd :

And now (just dealing Sir doth strengthen love)

There is the Pateng for your Provostship.

Pray put it in your pocket safe, make choice

Of all my Horses, strait to hasten you

Unto your Government.

Amad. And shall my husband follow us?

Fred. Just now, he's drawing on his bootes, hee'l ride

Half naked with his leggs, for out of hast

He hath forgot to put his stockings on.

Amad. Were he quite nak'd, he should be welcome

Fred. Friend, I implore I may by ev'ry Post (sir.

Have letters of thy busines, and thy health;

And pretty *Amadine* when you have children,

(As heaven no doubt, will send you store) pray keep

Them warm, and let me eate no fruit, nor fish ;

You goe unto a cold raw clime, and I

Desire all your posterite might thrive.

Amad. It is the kindest gentleman.

Fred. Wee'l meet ith stable straite, there have

A parting teare or two, and so farewell.

Mischief on my fraile memory. I had

Forgot a written Schedule here, to which *draws out a*

I must intreat your hands — (*paper, Pen and Inke*)

Cast. How ! what is it sir ?

Fred. Onely a short certificate, that justifies

You lay with *Enrishea* sir ; and *Amadine*

Must needs subscribe, as witness that she saw you in her

bed.

Cast. You shall excuse me.

Fred. Can you deny me this ? (his)

Amad. What w'have already done can raise but

Suspitions, this will make him mad.

Fred. Speak, will you write?

Castr. Our other crime if it be found may be Forgiven, but once consent to this, hee'l grow Too wise sir, to be merciful.

Fred. Well, I must seek for friendship among beasts, There is no melting courtesie, no honesty In men. Determine straite, will ye subscribe?

Castr. You have our answer, Signior, pray receive's.

Fred. Deare friend I take my leave, Sweet *Amadins* Farewel. I'm sorry we must part, as blind Men doe, never to see each other more.

Castr. Believe not so unkindly of our destinies.

Fred. Never, I feare: for I suspecting you'l deny This small request, was faine to hire Two shaggy ill-look'd Gentlemen, a brace Of massie hilted rogues, who waite below To cut your throats.

Castr. Y'are not in earnest sir.

Fred. Deare friend, when did you find I was in jest. However, if you'l fix your names in writing here, You may go on with safety to your government; Shall they come up?

Amad. No, no sir, if they be rogues, And have such shaggy looks: Brother, I find He's mischievous.

Castr. Give me the paper sir — *He writes, and gives*

Fred. Gentle Mistress, your name too — it *Amadins*. So, now ye are kind, let me embrace you both. And pray look on the Pattent sir, I gave You to assure the Provostship. — *Castr takes it out*

Castr. Hah! here wants the Dukes hand. *and opens it*

Fred. Right, to what purpose pray should it be there. Whenth' office is not fain.

Castr. I'm gull'd, led by the nostril, like an Ass.

Amad. Nor shall I have no husband, Signior?

Fred. Introth I have been busied much of late,

And

And never spoke unto the Gentleman ; (way.

Besides, I thought y'had been inclin'd to the *Platonick*

Amad: I would my nayles were long enough, villain,
I'd flea thee into rags.

Fred. Alas, I smile at Injuries.

Castr. Peace, do not anger him : come sister we'll
into my Garison. I've a Commission for
Company, I hope you'l speak unto
the Duke I may injoyt. I'm sure his hand is to't.

Fred. But yet you'l find a willing small
Mistake too in that *Grant* ; the Captain is
Not dead that had the place.

Castr. Would I had spirit but to beate my self.

Fred. You are a *Florentine* ; one of the subtle Tribe,
that think your neighbours have no brains, but what
they meet serv'd in with sage and vinegar,
To a calves head : I pray believe you found
A dull Sicilian once, that could out-wit a *Tuscan* Gentle-
man.

Castr. Y'are master of your pleasure sir ; whither
Fred. You must to Sea. (Shall we goe ?

Amad. To sea, Ile drown here first,
Or aske pardon, and confess all.

Fred. Not one word more on forfeiture of life.

Castr. My wonder makes me dumb, I need no threats.

Fred. You shall to the *Bermudoes* friend, and there
Plant Cotton whilst your Sister learns to spin :

It is the Dukes command, and till I can
Provide a Ship, I must inclose you in

garret safe, where you may weep and meditate.

No howling now, nor crying lowd, for feare

My ill-fac'd blades below ore heare't, and strait

To quallifie your voyces cut your throats ;

Nor do not grumble curses out, I hold

Them much unwholsome in a morning ere I break my

fast.

Ex.

Enter *Phylomont, Buonateste, Ariola.*

Phyl. I'm wearie of this old *Platonick* life :
D'you think that I'll sit sighing thus (*Ariola*)
Under a Poplar tree, or whining by
A River side, like a poor Fisherman
That had lost his Net? Either consent to marry,
Or I will strait take horse, ride to my Province
And seek some down right virgin out, that knows
Natures plain Lawes, though not the Art of love.

Ariol. Can you complain I am unkinde, or the
Sweet freedom which I give, is not so much
As eithers vertue might allow?

Phyl. It is enough! Men that are satisfy'd
With winde and ayre, may keep Camelions company
I'm of an other diet; I, my learned
New acquaintance here, laughs to conceive
What *Hercules* and's fifty Mistresses
Would have thought of a *Platonick* lover. (clu

Buon. He would have beaten's brains out with his

Phyl. Will you consent to marry, speak?

Ariol. If I am powerfull with thee *Phylomont*,
Let me but wooe thee to the Woods agen,
And try how my perswasions can subdue
Thy minde, unto our former temp'r'at love.

Phyl. No, I thank heaven; I'll sooner goe thither
To rob poor Squirrels of their nuts, my sage
And learned Author, shall I humble you
So much as goe to bid my followers
Prepare for my departure hence.

Buon. Stay a little sir, the Lady may relent.

Phylo. My hopes grow cold, I'll instantly away.

Ariol. Stay *Phylomont* - I do command thee stay,
By the religion of thy sacred vowed.

Phylo. One houre I will; upon condition too,
You walk aside with my Phylosopher,
And listen reverently to his advice.

Ariol. My reason's fortify'd, let him come in.

Phylo. Away, use all the force of your capacitie.

Buon. *Plato* shall lose one fond disciple sir,
Or I'le goe burn my books, and singe my beard
Off in the flame. —

Exeunt.

Enter Theander and Euritheia, at severall doores

Theand. In this course Pilgrims weed, I shall injoy
That quietnes, which though great Princes have
The power oſt to preserve in others, yet
Can ne're command unto themselves.

Eurith. Alas, my Lord, what have I done,
That you ſhould leave me to ſuspect
My Innocence? Why, will you thus become
A holy wanderer to ſeek that happines
In other Lands, which here you ſcornfully
Forsake? What have I done?

Theand. Is thy offence
Grown up to be thy glory now, doſt love
To heare it told? or art thou ſooth'd with ſilly hope
It is conceald, the Stars are witneſſes;
They all grow weary of the night, and wiſh'd
For clowdes to hide their radient eyes, from what
Inwillingly they ſaw?

Eurith. Ease my amazement quickly, or I dye.

Theand. Thou *Euritheia*, and the world are grown
Too false and ſubtile, for the easie dull
Incerenes of my heart, I will retyre
To Defarts and to Rocks, there feed the winds
With my continual ſighes: untill I raiſe
A ſtorme ſhall nightly ſhake this Palace towres,
And give thy flatt'ring conſcience cauſe to feare,
Though I am gone ſtill my revenge dwells here, *Exit.*

Eurith. O! I would follow, {but my griefs are grown
Burdenfome, they bow me to the ground. *She fals.*
How various are the changes of our fate,
How muſt I lose him, when he's ſafe restor'd

To all his chaste and noble thoughts : which way
Could I consent to an offence ? I am
By some conspiracie betray'd.

Enter Fredeline.

Fred. This fellow and his sister must be sent
To Sea with speed, for feare some watchful accident
Discover all. *Eurithaea* ! the most
Illustrious Princeſs of this Isle look up
Faire Virgin-wife : alas, why do you weep ?

Eurith. I am forsaken, lost ! *Theander* is
Unkind, o'recome with jealousie and scorn.

Fred. Madam, I think, I partly know the cause,
Believ't, there are more villainies in the world,
Then will appear so in the face, though it
Be wash'd, and shav'd, then view'd with open-lights.

Eurith. But sir, know you what thus disturbs my Lor

Fred. Your Woman's false : her brother such a kna
As were he sent to hell, the Fiends would crowd
Together in a nook, t'avoid his company.

Eurith. She and her brother false to me !

Fred. Rise up, I doe beseech your Excellence ;
And having wip'd away those liquid pearls
From off your beauteous eyes, read this and wonder.

She rises and takes a paper from him.

Eurith. O dismal ! horrid treachery —

Fred. There you perceive, he doth affirm, he did
Injoy your bed, and *Amadino* subscribes
To witness what he certifies.

Eurith. Though they are cruel, I forgive them bo

Fred. That's heavenly said : yet marke their im
This note they sent to me, t'intreat me give (den
It to the Duke, but when I doe,

Let the quotidian gowt cease on my hands
Untill my fingers grow more knotty then a Maple roo

Eurith. Sir, I believe you'l strive
Rather to lessen his suspition, than

By new contrivements give it growth.

Fred. D'you think I am of humane race? this room
Is much too publick for your miseries.
I pray retire within, and wee'l consult,
How to dispell all these enchanted clowds.

Enrich. You are become the treasure of my hope,
And will oblige me when my fortune smiles
Agen, unto a gratitude, that shall
Be great, and suffer no decay.

Fred. Already she is very kind, I hope
My fume begins to work, I'le gaze upon
Her still untill mine eyes melt into hers.

Exeunt

Enter Jaspéro, Gridonell, Arnoldo.

Jasp. Your Father sent us to release you sir,
You have the house at liberty agen,
He says, he may trust you with women now,
For there is such a blemish found in one
Of the fairest of the sex, as he presumes,
Will teach all men to fly their company.

Grid. Indeed my danger towards women's past,
For whether't be with fasting out
My supper twice, or walking gently in
My shirt, whilst the Moon shin'd, I cannot tell,
But I am strangely alter'd, grown so cold
Within, as I had lain a whole night *perdu*
O'top o'th Alpes.

Arnol. But you were very hot before?

Grido. O Arnoldo, thou maist be glad thy sister
Was dead, I had so mauld her else.

Jasp. 'Twas happy mine was at suck too.

Grido. Th'art in the right, for had she been but
old

Enough to weare a bondgrace on her brow,
And nibble Gingerbread, shad serv'd my turne:

Arnold. 'Twas a miraculous feaver you was in.

Grido. Well, shall I tell you gentlemen, believ't,

I had eaten some strange odd meat, the pickled
kidney of a Goate, or the rumpe of a devill broyld.
But have you heard of a faire Lady that had got a
blemish?

74p. Our brave new Dutchess sir, sh'ath troubled all
The house, and in her very bridall night
They say, playd the Adultress.

Grid. How, gentlemen?
Pray heare me speak, I've judgement in these things.
I will be hang'd, if sh'ath not dipp'd her finger
In a French pie, some kickshaw made of severall
Strange bits; Just such as I encountred with,
And there devour'd the kidney of a Goate.
Come let's goe seek my Father out. *Exeunt.*

Enter Phylomont, Sciolto, and Buonateste.

Phyl. I though I esteem Theander at a rate,
As if I vallew'd all his victories,
And all the civill honours he hath wonne,
By conq'ring the misterious sense of books:
And adde to this our loves, begotten in
Our Infancy, our noble friendship of
A better growth. Yet Euritheia is
My Sister, and the chiefest of my blood,
On whose virtue and perfection I'm so well
Experienc'd in, that neither can admit
My least suspition or my feare, th'are both
Abus'd, but if my friend will grow too credulous,
Ile learn to use him as my Enemy.

Sciolto. For my part sir, I want instructions, what
I should believe, and words to utter halfe
The dismal wonders I have heard: But sure
He doth proceed on grounds so relative,
As would perswade the wisest to a jealousie.
Yet on my soul shee's cleare.

Phyl.

Lett.

Phyl. Then there is treachery, let it be found;
If he permit my Sisters honour bleed,
Without full arguments to warrant his,
Suspect ere yet the circuit of one Moon
Be added to my age, Ile give
The people of this Province cause to curse
Their Princes negligence.

Buon. Your Grace hath found I've been a little pro-
Of late in your affair, trust me with this: (Iperous
Be pleas'd to tarry here a while conceal'd,
You both shall finde I will untie these Magick knots,
And strait restore the Innocent to such
A light as shall have force to make their vertue shine.

Sciol. My man o'Medicines, if thou perform this,
Although old *Aesculape* had but a Cock
Allow'd him for a cure, thou every meal,
Shalt have a brace of fat cram'd Capons at
Thy board, each of 'em larger then a Dragon?

Enter Theander like a Pilgrim.

Theand. I seek thee *Phylomont*, and like a friend
Whose kindnes grows upon him neer his death:
I come to give thee Legacies, the Arms I won
At *Capua* are thine, and those *Sardinian* horse
I chose for our last war; my glories are
Eclips'd, and I will go where there's no need
Of pollicy nor strength, unto some dark
And empty wildernes, where Fame can put
Her Trumpet to no use, where all my danger is
Leanness, and cold, but I shall live secure,
From Ladies that are fair and false.

Phyl. Were I so cruel to beleeve the cause
Of thy calamity a truth, I would
Invest me too in such a homely weed,
And wander with thee where the Sun,
In's universal journie should not finde
Us out? but thou art govern'd by mistakes,

Some

Some treacherous practise hath subdu'd thy sense,
For both our safeties think my sister such,
As I pronounce of thine, I must not find her in thy

Theb. and. O Phylo, I have (doubts)
Not blood enough to use in blushest, should I name her
Phylo. Thy passions I forgive, ayeo! but mark (crime)
How much they are mis-led, this learned Gentleman,
Will free disguised truth out of that Labyrinth,
And dismal shade where she resides, then give
An instant remedy to all our griefs.

Buon. But you must promise patience Sir, and when
I give the sign, retire to th' Arras all silent and conceal'd.

Theb. Such blessings as you promise seldom come
From heaven, I'm sure no humane help can doo't.

Enter Fredeline creeping in, as he were sick.

Buon. Away, listen and hide your selves, there stands
The Conjuror that I must first out-charm.

Fred. How am I Planet-struck, how suddenly
Depriv'd of strength, I breath faintly and short;
Like wearied Courfers when the race is done:
My sinnewes shrink, and bear me crooked when
I move, as I had been their load a hundred years.
Palsies and Agues have possess'd my joyns,
I quiver like a naked *Russian* in
The snow; and my dim eyes begin to glare,
And wink like to a long neglected Lamp
Whose oyle is wasted to a drop.

Buon. The generous Fredeline? How do you Sir?

Fred. Villain, I h'ast poysон'd me, the Minerals which
Thou gav' st me in thy fume were full of death?

Buon. I must confess they were not very wholesome —

Fredeline offers to draw.
Nay, be not angry Sir, you draw a fword?
You draw a knitting needle or a rush,
'Las poor weak gentleman? but if you could,
Here at my old friend Archimedes ward.

I'd

I'd stand. — We Mathematick Mounseurs have
Our lines revers'd, and our stocccato's too.

Fred. This scorne will bring a worse disease into
My gall, then whats already in my blood.

Buon. You have been bred in Cities, Courts, and
Camps, And weighed the hearts and brains of men in your
Own scales, would fool the wisest Conclave too, Though they went fasting to consult; so wise,
You'd make the Devil oversee at Cards, And then perswade him's horns hung in his light.
You had your plots, but we dull Bookmen have
Our counterplots. *Fred.* Sir, 'tis confess'd too late.

Buon. It was not in the power of Art to make
That fume I promis'd you, else you had had
It Sir, but this will serve your turn as well,
*Twill end your lust, and give it ease at once.

Fred. Have pity on my languishment and pains.

Buon. Y'are now within the arms of death; but I've
A cordial that may prove restorative,
If you will justly answer what I ask.

Fred. All Sir, and not disguise an article.

Buon. How did you raise this jealousie in the
Offended Duke? I've heard he found two at
His Ladies Chamber door, where they discours'd
Such language as inferr'd *Euritheia* a false.

Fred. Sir, they were planted there by me, and what
They said was counterfeit, such as I then
Appointed them to speak?

Theand. O damn'd infernal slave!

Phylo. I held him for a sober Saint.

Sciol. Contain your self my Lord: you shall hear more

Buon. Where have you hid those pious Instruments?
Fred 'Twas *Castraganio*, and his Sister *Amadine*;
Th'are lock'd ith Garret neer the Turret leads?

Theand. Give way to my revenge, that I may kill
Him

Him with my foot, sputn out his monstrous soul—
Phylo. Theander hold, Your anger was not wont to
 Theand. Your counsel's timely Sir, (stoop so low.
 I give you thanks; *Scioto* bear him from
 My sight: let him and's cursed Instruments be safely kept.
Scioto. Do you grin now? a pox o' your milde looks.
 You took a precious care o' th' Dukes posterity?

Fred. I'm an unfortunate Platonick Gentleman.

Buon. Keep him for justice Sir, the Physick which
 He took will quickly cease its violence. *Exeunt Scioto*

(to, *Fred.*

Enter *Ariola, Euritheia.*

Ariol. Where is *Theander*, that hath vex'd the best
 And gentlest Lady in the world to such
 Astonishment, that she is drown'd in tears?

Theand. Kind *Euritheia* pardon me, thy fate
 Decreed, that thou who hast so long preserv'd
 My life, shouldest by thy mercy now have privilege
 To give it too.

Eurith. Restore me to your love (my Lord) and then
 Your bounty is so great, that all I can bestow, will be
 declin'd,

And not seem worthy of your thanks.

Theand. Things are reveal'd, thou'l hear of horrid
 But sure, henceforth I shall not dare to trust (miracles;
 My heart within mine own inconstant brest;
 It must be lodg'd in thine.

Eurith. I shall be tender how I give it cause
 Of a remove, 'lesse mine go with it too.

Phylo. *Ariola*, My Philosopher sayes
 His Lectures pierc'd quite through your tender ears.

Ariol. Well Sir, y' had best to take me whilst
 My new Religion is i' th' fit; he has
 A mighty reason, and a fluent tongue.

Enter *Scioto, and Gridonel.*

Phyl. Toth' Chappel then, my busines will lye there.

Scioto,

Sciolt. The villaine is imprison'd sir, and his
Confederates acknowledge all that he
Reveal'd, for an unhappy truth.

Theand. My *Euritheia* must become their judge,
And my Provincial Laws shall sleep awhile.

Eurith. That will but hearten others to do wrong,
For mine will be an easie doom.

Sciolt. Pray sir, be known to my Phylosopher.

Theand. I must embrace him for my friend.

Sciolt. Well, he hath done strange feats : you took a
powder,
And my Son too, there was no harme intended.
You shall heare all within, perhaps find cause
To swaddle my old Hide.

Grid. By this hand sir, were you not my Father
would begin ;
I thought y'had powder'd me, 'tis well the heat
Is past. Lord, how I dreamt of Taffie
Kirtles, French Gowns, and fine Italian tires,
That hung (mee thought) by my Bed-side.

Sciolt. Son, Ile requite thee with a wife ; my friend
Hath so behav'd himself for th credit of
The Arts, that He be at charge of a Primer,
And a Fescue till thou learn to reade.

Phyl. *Theander*, my advice is good, when you
Possess your Ladies Bed your self, y'are the
Best sentinel to hinder th'onslaught of
The enemie, whining and pusing Love is fit
For Eunuches and for old revolted Nunns.

Theand. I shall incline in time.

Phyl. And when I'm married sir, I strait command
You heare this briske Phylosopher one houre
Upon that Theame.

Buon. Wife Nature is my Mistris sir, I shall
Demean my self most stoutly in her cause.

Theand. Then surely I must yield : Come *Phylomen*.
Your

The Platonick Lovers.

Your Nuptial Rites perform'd, let's all enjoy
The treasure of his knowledge and his tongue,
Yet we (my Euribea) have a while
So rul'd each other with nice fears, that none
Hereafter will in civil kindness doubt
There are *Platonick Lovers*, though but few,
The Sect conceal'd, and still imagin'd new.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Un to the *Masculine* I can afford
By strict Commission scarce one courteous word;
Our Author hath so little cause to boast
His hopes from you, that he esteems them lost,
Since not these twolong hours amongst you all
He can find one will prove *Platonical*,
But these soft *Ladies*, in whose gentle eyes
The richest Blessings of his fortune lies,
With such obsequious homage be doch greet,
As he would lay his *Laurel* at your feet:
For you (he knows) will think his *Doctrine* good,
Thought's recreate the *Mind*, and not the *Blood*.

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